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MARC CONNELLY  
GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

REA IRVIN  
ALICE DUER MILLER

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Advisory Editors: Marc Connelly, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woollcott

## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### *Junior League Flurry*

THAT late Junior League Convention in Boston was an affair which revealed to New York, if such revelation was needed, how the rest of the country thinks and feels. Boston and Philadelphia were sympathetic, in principle. The rest was, not silence, but almost unladylike jeers.

All this because New York wished to exercise censorship over Junior Leaguers who move here from other towns—Dubuque, Iowa, for example—and whose memberships in the League are transferred with them.

New York's delegation pointed out that the local league was committed to accepting into membership between eighty and ninety debutantes each year; moreover, that it was forced to accept as members, also, those young ladies whose ambitions led them to shake the Dubuquian dust from their French heels and take train to New York. It was proposed, as a measure of relief, that each branch of the league be accorded the privilege of accepting, as guests for one year, members transferred from other branches, at the end of which time action would be taken as to whether or not membership in the new section would be continued.

It was not said, of course, that the object of this proposal was to allow local Junior Leaguers to inspect their guests against such provincial failings as might not be corrected in the period of twelve months, although such was the intent; and as such it was so understood by the delegates.

Wherefore, since most of those present doubtless regarded the privilege of transfer in case of moving to New York as one of the high boons conferred by membership in the League, the proposal was laughed, sneered and indignantly voted into oblivion.

### *Cal and Belles Lettres*

MR. COOLIDGE is, beyond denial, a bachelor of arts and, as such, eligible to be stamped "inspected and passed as educated" whenever the Congress gets around to creating a bureaucracy to supervise learning. But, one reflects, governmental standards are likely to be low.

At any rate, Mr. Coolidge, looking upon his standing with his countrymen, was led to reflect that it would not pain him too deeply if the nation held for its president a warmer feeling, which reflection he put into words while talking lately with one of the Washington newspaper correspondents.

The correspondent, wise man that he is, knew the observation for a presidential hint that suggestions were in order.

"Why not recognize the arts, Mr. President?" he proposed. "You have had leaders of almost every other line of endeavor for breakfast in the White House; why not invite some of the leaders in one of the arts—some poets, perhaps?"

"Who are the leading poets?" came from Calvin, after the customary silent interval.

"Oh, Edward Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edgar Lee Masters, Elinor Wylie," Mr. Sullivan tossed off.

The President considered this.

"When I was in College," he observed, presently, "there was a man named Smith—who wrote verse."



THE doctor requested that his name be not disclosed, for reasons which will appear presently, so the fact that he is one of the town's most noted alienists needs must be accepted on our say-so.

A lady, to all appearances, came to his office in



great agitation one day last week and haltingly told the alienist that her husband—a junior member of a local firm of jewelers, she said—had been acting rather strangely of late. Could the doctor receive her husband next forenoon and advise as to his condition? The hour suggested was not his usual time for consultations, but the doctor consented.

Next morning at ten the lady popped in on the alienist and murmured that her husband would be along in a few minutes. She would wait in the reception room for him. Presently, she burst again into the doctor's consulting room, seemingly greatly agitated, and informed him that her husband was unusually violent that morning. Would the doctor see him alone and—well, she was afraid her husband might become violent—and could she leave through another door? The doctor escorted the lady out, telling her, in parting, not to worry, as all would be well.

It was a strange case, indeed. The husband seemed to have a bracelet mania. To every question the alienist propounded, he replied always by asking what decision the doctor had made about the bracelets.

And it was not until fifteen minutes of cross-questioning had passed that the specialist learned that his supposed patient was a messenger for the local jewelry concern in question who had come to the office bearing two diamond and sapphire bracelets to be submitted by the lady—vanished a quarter of an hour since—to the alienist for the choice she had been unable to make in the jewelry shop. There, it developed, she had said she was the alienist's wife; and so the firm had had no hesitation about granting her request. Nor had the messenger any doubts when, on entering the reception room, the very ladylike lady relieved him of his package, asking him to wait one moment while she placed them before her husband.

The alienist is reported to be preparing a professional paper, for the guidance of his conferees, on the subject, "Excessive Confidence as a Symptom of Insanity."

### Crusade Conclusion

THE five-star final results of the *World's* crusade for Godliness in the theatre, or, failing that, cleanliness, are apparent now. In the two-star editions, Mr. Brady's play, "A Good Bad Woman" closed, as everyone remembers. Mr. Heywood Broun, differing somewhat from the *World's* editorial board's views and being chided for this, offered his resigna-

tion, which, after much talking here and there, got virtually nowhere.

But Mr. Broun was not ready to kiss and make up, so certain concessions were made to him, chief of which was a new arrangement by which he will no longer do dramatic criticism, but will merely write his "It Seems to Me" column at the same salary paid him heretofore for his combined efforts. He will do it once oftener in the week in exchange for not having to go to the theatre which, strange as it is, he has never liked to do. That is the result.

Mr. Alexander Woollcott, who has been dramatic critic of the *Sun* since Mr. Frank Munsey sold the *Herald*, is expected to become the dramatic critic of the *World*, bringing about a consummation which has been shaping itself for a year or two. He left the *Sun* last Wednesday.

While the Munsey editorial board—composed of Mr. Frank Munsey—has not yet decided upon Mr. Woollcott's successor, it is likely that Mr. Gilbert Gabriel will be recalled from the colonies, that is to say, the *Evening Telegram*, to fill the gap.

### That Magic Formula

THE second edition of "Artists and Models" left this New York life last Saturday night, after a prosperous career, and there is no reason to believe that its existence will not be equally satisfactory in the Chicago, and so on, hereafter. The first edition will close in Atlantic City next week, after a New York and road run of ninety consecutive weeks.

To the shrewd observer the foregoing statements will plaintively suggest that some one—in this instance the Shuberts, as producers—has made a lot of money. Wherefore it becomes interesting to recount again another tale of that lean line which distinguishes failure from success in the theatre and which is probably its most potent lure to hard-headed business men who should know better.

In August, 1923, then, the entertainment known as "Artists and Models," after just a bit of rehearsals, was sent out into the Long Branch and Asbury Park hinterland to prove its right to existence. It was very, very bad and was promptly voted so by all the playgoers on vacation in the Jersey Ostends. A few people were drawn to the box-office by the title, which hints so clearly at a revelation of matters that are not within the average province, but all they saw was a fat actor in an artist's smock singing indifferent tunes to a young woman or two attired as for the blizzard





of 1888. More from sheer momentum than from any managerial notion that the piece would ever be successful, "Artists and Models" was allowed to wander into New York to keep the engagement that had been made for it at the Shubert Theatre. And at the dress rehearsal in the Shubert Theatre a great idea was born.

Some one—some say J. J. Shubert himself, some say J. C. Huffman, his general stage director—was sitting in the back of the darkened house, sadly contemplating the inevitable failure of the attraction which had just been rendered more certain by the treasurer's report that the advance sale for to-morrow's opening was well under \$300. A dismal parade of "models" was under way on stage, the models evidently under firm instructions from their mothers not to catch cold whatever happened.

And then the alert mind—was it J. J. Shubert's?, was it J. C. Huffman's?—leaped forward and shouted to its assistants on stage.

"Take those blouses off those girls," was its terrible, menacing message. . . .

The rest, because there was a rest, is history. The opening night audience is still treasuring its memories. The box-office line for the second performance contained all the young men, and many of the young women, in New York. The price of admission was raised, and still they came. . . .

And then, on the other hand, when Earl Carroll a year later tried to popularize his revue with the simple notion of removing blouses from young women, the result was anything but financially remunerative.

It all proves something.

### Games, Indoor and Out

CHARLES E. VAN VLECK, JR., has won his first golf tournament of importance, the Garden City Club's annual invitation. Incident thereto is what is known in some circles as a tale.

Mr. Van Vleck reached the semi-finals without much difficulty and was then confronted by Mr. Gardiner W. White and Mr. A. Lucien Walker, Jr., both strong golfers and normally his masters on the links. So, that evening, he was not at all unwilling to become one of a group, which included Mr. White, for the investigation of bobtail flushes and inside straights.

The poker game was a progression of "just one more" rounds. When Mr. Van Vleck and Mr. White teed off in the morning the task confronting each

seemed long and dreary. Neither cared much. Good friends, what mattered it to either which was victorious? Mr. Van Vleck, as history has noted, was the winner.

In the final round that afternoon, Mr. White proved his friendship and his sportsmanship by caddying for Mr. Van Vleck—magically restored to vim and vigor during the lunch period—when he went forth to meet Mr. Walker. He was, unquestionably, the best groomed and the most helpful caddy Garden City ever has feasted its eyes upon. And he was a magnificent aid in the last stretch, when, from the fourteenth on, Mr. Walker began to catch up. Indeed, it was to the hypnotic influence of the gentleman caddy that many in the gallery attributed Mr. Walker's missing an easy putt on the seventeenth, which failure gave the match to Van Vleck.

It is reported, further, that either Mr. Van Vleck, or Mr. White, or both, succeeded in filling an inside straight upon resumption of their scientific investigations that evening.

### Places and Fads

AMID the banging of supper club doors and the steady clickings of prohibitory padlocks, a most welcome haven re-opened after having been closed for a year. Montmartre is itself again, as of old, when it enjoyed consistent popularity among the dancing places in town.

For the reopening it has been newly decorated in black and white stripings, reminiscent of its earlier days, and in keeping with its attraction as one of the coolest summer rooms in New York. "Charlie" Journal is in his customary place as master of ceremonies. Even the orchestra wakes memories, particularly when playing a tango.

The opening night was gay, not in the wearing of colored paper hats or throwing of confetti, but in the festive company present. So many of the old clientele were there that they created an illusion of a movie "flash-back," to the scene little more than a year ago.

Alice and Jimmy O'Gorman were at their usual table with the Storrs and Thelma Morgan Converse, now abroad, but on that evening fresh from Hollywood and the barber. Milling about in the crowd and confusion were Margaret Flint and the Countess Salm von Hoogstraeten; Major Fullerton Weaver; Rudy Cameron; Suki Pierson with Allen Gouverneur Wellman; Eugenia Kelly Davis in a party with



Margaret Belmont; Bebe Daniels; Walter Wanger and his wife, Justine Johnson, who are considered of ringside importance by all the night clubs.

In passing we should like to ask who the lady is that looks so much like Nita Naldi with—forgive us, Miss Naldi—a better figure. And who, also is the “young doctor” we have seen every time we have been in a dance club in three years—and never with the same girl twice? Is it his fetish to affect never taking out a girl a second time?

Dutch Van Nostrand was on hand; Bag Sewell with Edie McComb; Peg Powell with the Leslies; Jacques Bouvier; the remaining Keene twin; Doc Spalding; Martha Otley; Alice Joyce; Edythe Baker with Bertram Cruger; Margaret Case and, of course, Morgan Morgan; Ruth Kresge and her usual playmate; Ned Walker; Dorothy Clark; and Richard Bennett in a monocle which didn't seem quite needed optically.

Montmartre boasts no cabaret or exhibition dancers, and we feel sure that they are not necessary to its success. The music and atmosphere are quite sufficient.

THE Rendezvous has blossomed anew, although without the erstwhile influence of Gilda Gray's glamorous shimmy. It was against a background of wild caricatures of town celebrities that she tossed and twisted in her exotic dances; caricatures crude and none too clever, although their placing was not lacking in humor. As we recall it the austere visage of John O'Hara Cosgrave was painted on the door leading to the dressing room of the Hula Hula Girls. Those decorations have been scrapped and redone now in a restrained and, perhaps, French style—crystal chandeliers and low relief medallions. The entertainment is good and it is an attractive supper resort.

WE attended the premier performance of the new midnight review on the Strand Roof. There was much frisking by “a special beauty chorus,” but the sensation of the evening was caused by the “Three Whirlwinds,” men on roller skates. Such being the case, further comment seems unnecessary.

THE approach of Summer once more evidences the increasing tendency, among men, to relegate the panama hat to country and sports wear. Rarely is one seen in town. Even the conservative straw does not gleam so early as once it did, when custom-chained males changed from more sombre headgear with the fall of a set date from the calendar. It has been not at all unusual, during late Summers, for gentlemen who pay normal heed to dress to continue wearing felt hats into July; and present indications are that the custom will be even less unusual this season.

### *A Mode Is Born*

NATURALLY, Kaskel and Kaskel do not carry in stock such items as four-in-hand scarves, already tied, and equipped with neat devices to be tucked under collar wings and attached to the stud; not, particularly, in the establishment on the Avenue which has a side entrance on Forty-sixth Street for the convenience of the Ritz

trade. But for a gentleman of extreme fashion they might contrive a combination of haberdashery and machinery; for some such gentleman—pardon our pointing—as Mr. Peter A. B. Widener, 2nd, who resides at Elkins Park, near Philadelphia, but who weekends (Thursdays to Tuesdays) with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Widener, at their apartment in the Ritz-Carlton.

Not only might the thing be contrived, but, actually, it was.

Thus, Mr. Peter Widener was observed lately, in the Kaskel and Kaskel place on the Avenue testing the results of the research and experiment in the Kaskel and Kaskel laboratories and finally giving approval to the ingenious neckwear, of which he ordered a goodly supply.

To his friends, Mr. Widener gave explanation of his causing to be made, from rich materials, the mechanical manner of scarf associated in the local mind with the gents' haberdashery department of the Woolworth store in Dubuque. He reminded them, first, that he had been married last December; which was undeniable, his wife having been, before her divorce, Mrs. Frederic Peabody. He reminded them, also, that he, Mr. Widener, never had been able to master the intricacies of fashioning the four-in-hand knot. Neither, he learned after marriage, had his wife acquired this difficult art. So, he concluded, since Mrs. Widener could be of no assistance to him in this matter, nothing remained but to seek assistance from Kaskel and Kaskel, who had responded nobly. There was the simply why of the application to a decorative item of wearing apparel of our national inventive genius.

JOSEPH PULITZER might have seen a great news story in one of the succeeding items; Charles Chapin, his most able editor, might have seen a story in both. Accordingly:

When the check for one thousand dollars, being the sum of the Pulitzer prize for the best American novel of the year, was received by Miss Edna Ferber, she sent her own check for like amount to the Author's League Fund.

When Mr. Sidney Howard was notified officially of the award to him of the Pulitzer prize for his





## THE SHOT-GUN WEDDING

play, "They Knew What They Wanted," he had, ready for production, the manuscript of a three-act melodrama he had written. Friends, even producing managers, advised him about this work that it was a sure-fire hit. It would, they insisted, make a fortune for him. "Full of the old hokum," they told him genially, "but, boy, won't you cash in on it? It will be another, if possible, 'Abie's Irish Rose.'"

Somewhat sadly Mr. Howard regarded his manuscript and weighed it against his prize. Then, with stern determination, he tore up the melodrama and cast it out of his life.

### *In Our Midst—and Out*

LATELY landed, in Europe, of course, Mrs. Thelma Morgan Converse, one of the twins. Mme. Anna Pavlova, M. Sergei Rachmaninoff, Beryl Rubenstein, also a concert pianist, Miss Gertrude Hoffman, for Paris, Col. and Mrs. E. M. House, to renew old acquaintances in various capitals, Mr. Arthur J. Hornblow, Jr., theatrical producer and commentator, and wife, Juliette Crosby, Mrs. George Haven Putnam, bound for Africa, to visit her son,

Mrs. Rockwell Kent, to join her artist husband.

In foreign climes are: Señor Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan, his 1925-1926 season's program published. Also, certain of his troupe. Mlle. Rosina Galli, for one. M. Feodor Chaliapin. Señor Antonia Scotti. M. Vladimir de Pachman, piano monologist, resting against his next farewell tour. Miss Marilyn Miller and husband, Mr. Jack Pickford, vacationing. Señor Giulio Setti. Miss Mary Hay, of new freedom (legal) and dancing partner, Mr. Clifton Webb, to fulfill Parisian engagement, vice *Ciro's* here. Mlle. Valli-Valli and husband, Mr. Jules E. Mastbaum. M. Paul Kochanski and inlaid Stradivarius. Mr. Adolphe Menjou, delicately mustached, blushing for Mr. John Barrymore's praise of his celluloid villainies. And Mrs. Menjou. Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt. Mr. Montague Glass, historian to cloak and suit industry. Mr. Glenn Hunter, late model for soap advertisements. . . .

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, touring remembered places in Southern Europe, and Miss Belle Baruch. The Duchess of Manchester, home after being entertained extensively here, with her daughter, Lady Millicent Louise Montague. The Rev. Count



Augustinius von Galen, one-time enemy as chaplain to late Emperor of Austria. Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont. Mr. J. Elliott Cabot, to converse with others than Lowells. Lady MacMillan. Mr. Oliver Harriman. . . .

New post office coming in Times Sq. district, to handle flood of alimony remittances. . . . Ever original, Mr. Robert H. Davis, editor of, among others, *Flynn's Magazine*, spending three-months' vacation in this country. Motored to Maine. . . .

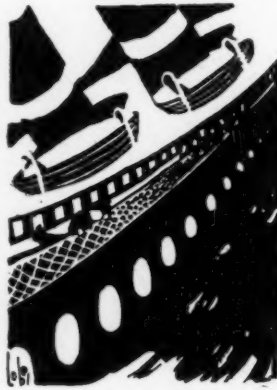
Screen celebrities still flood into town. Mme. Nita Naldi, most daring of vampires, within a subway accident of her old home. Brooklyn, if you insist. Mr. Owen Moore, who used to come a-courting to West Twenty-first Street, when Miss Gladys Smith lived there. That is, Miss Mary Pickford. Mr. Percy Marmount. Mr. Lloyd Hughes, first time. Mr. Wesley Barry, and freckles, back from picture-making at Annapolis. They say he may enroll in the Naval Academy, they say. . . .

Mayor John F. Hylan grandfather for second time. A girl and, of course, a Sinnott. . . . Leaving us to assume presidency of University of Wisconsin, Mr. Glenn Frank, editor of *Century*. College named

after local telephone exchange. . . . On injured list, briefly, Mr. Frank House, new managing editor of *Daily News*. Automobile accident. Another managing editor, Mr. Keats Speed, *The Sun*, back after looking over Kentucky Derby. Annual pilgrimage. . . .

Portions of sixth largest industry angling for Mr. Charles Evans Hughes. Or Mr. Frank Hitchcock. For window-dressing. Like Mr. Will Hays. . . . Married, in Greenwich, Conn., Mr. William Harrigan and Miss Grace Culbert. Both of the theatre. . . . Roof gardens opening. The Plaza on Monday, at luncheon, closing the terraced restaurant for Summer. . . . Visiting us, Sir Robert Newbald Key, Mayor of Old York. . . . Back again, Mr. Irving Bacheller, from Egypt and Damascus. Spectator when Arab committees received the Earl Balfour. . . . Advice from Mr. Georges Engles, after visit to M. Paderewski's Swiss chateau, that pianist will play with New York Symphony next season. Tour of seventy-five cities arranged. Including, at present writing, Dubuque. . . . Out of town, Mr. Gutzon Borglum, fishing in Asheville, North Carolina, for Summer.

—*The New Yorkers*



## OF ALL THINGS



**I**F the anti-evolutionists win in Tennessee, anyone wishing to drink at the fountain of truth will have to go to a speakeasy.

\* \* \*

We are not without a twinge of envy for J. T. Scopes. A young high school teacher who can give a simple lesson in biology and become a great national menace is getting into the hall of fame on an uncomplimentary ticket.

\* \* \*

Now that tetraethyl has got a bad name, scientists are looking for a safe "anti-knock" gas. If they find it, they ought to name it "boost."

\* \* \*

One young man who was present at the Abby Rockefeller wedding knows what Goldsmith meant by a "mute inglorious Milton."

\* \* \*

As "Abie's Irish Rose" enters upon its Fourth Big Year, the dramatic critic disappoints with pride to low public tastes in theatricals. The worst effect, we fancy, is that made upon the impressionable minds of other producers. A manager hesitates to give a bad manuscript the air lest it prove to be another "A.I.R."

There must be some explanation for the brooding silence that has fallen upon the play jury system. Our guess is that the authorities are quietly studying the reaction of the tainted drama upon the morals of the first shock troops. What kind of lives are the play jurors leading now?

\* \* \*

Mussolini has granted women the ballot and the right to serve in war. It is understood, however, that the Italian women will not be used in actual fighting but will be saved for the heavy work.

\* \* \*

When the old gentleman from Iowa shook hands with King George everybody laughed the matter off, but now that a subject has repeated the offense the British Empire begins to view with alarm. The next man who tries to grasp the monarch's hand will probably get a regal jab from Queen Mary's umbrella.

\* \* \*

Now the Democrats are going to have a national weekly. Optimists believe that with a little practice they can produce a paper that is even lower in the intellectual scale than the "National Republican."

On this side of the water an intrepid patriot is one who knows that his country is wobbly at the knees if the flag is not draped properly at a ball game.

\* \* \*

If Henry Ford buys those ships made by the Emergency Fleet Corporation, one can hardly blame him for taking them out of the water. From all we hear, dry land is the safer place for those boats.

\* \* \*

The Old Maid and Bachelor bill introduced into the Florida legislature may not become a law, but it sounds like a bright moment for the sad followers of the single tax.

\* \* \*

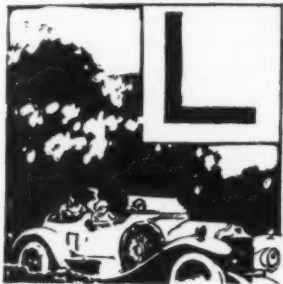
Recent events in academic circles force us to the conclusion that college journalists have no sense of shame and college presidents no sense of humor.

\* \* \*

"My success is because of hard work," said Samuel Rubel, twenty years ago a peddler now head of a 30 million dollar ice and coal company. This must be the college yell of dear old Hard Knocks.

—Howard Brubaker

## MOTOR CASTE



LOOKS a bit tony, doesn't it?" I remarked softly to the Pup, as I dropped him into neutral and allowed him to creep to a stop beside the curb. Three hundred miles had gone their way beneath us since we greeted the sun in Vermont that morning, and now a huge moon surveyed us coldly over the four story garage roof, just off lower Fifth Avenue.

I approached the arc-lighted ramp which shot up steeply. The light was dazzling, and I pulled the peak of my disreputable cap low over my eyes. A tall man suddenly appeared, popping out of a hidden doorway just within the entrance. He was well dressed, and had thick, grey hair.

"Got a car in here?" he asked brusquely, gimlet eyes piercing my wrinkled tweed suit from head to foot.

"No," said I, a bit taken aback by this warm welcome. "But I'd like to put up here if you have a place. What are your rates?"

"Depends on the car, the time you leave it, whether or not you want service, and—" he clicked along and I interrupted.

"Well, we'll come in and you can draw your own conclusions." I had always heard that New York was inclined to coldness where strangers were concerned, but I was not aware that the line was drawn to include their automobiles.

The somnolent Pup protested noisily when I shook his cooling members to action. Gaining the second floor after a struggle, we panted to a stop, and looked about.

Have you ever appeared at a dinner party, in a business suit, to find yourself the hub of all eyes? And the owners of all the eyes impeccably clad in evening clothes? Anyhow, that is how we felt. For we found ourselves in the center of an austere hollow square of the aristocracy of cardom. Polished headlamps gazed upon us from four sides. Gazed, then seemed to open just a bit wider in wellbred amazement at such outlanders. I even fancied I caught a covert shrug or two of a disdainful mudguard as the silent, piercing scrutiny continued.

A magnificent creature stepped forth from between the shining ranks and surveyed us, not unkindly. He was fully six feet tall, and, instead of the characterless jumpers which most garagemen cleave to, he was clad in a smartly cut uniform of olive drab, with crimson piping.

"Can I be afther helpin' you?" he asked. Obviously, we needed it.

"Why," I began, "I thought I'd like to leave my car here, possibly for a month or so." I became conscious of the chill aloofness of the politely staring congregation. A subdued clinking of metal led me to believe that nudges were being exchanged, at our expense. "But I don't believe you've got a place for us here, have you?" I climbed out once more, and

was reassured by a warming smile from the General.

"Well," and I caught him eyeing the battered fender and the patched-up running board, "perhaps this isn't just what you want." He coughed diplomatically. "Our rates for this flure are fifty-five dollars a month, and on th' nixt flure up they are—"

"Whew," I gasped, clutching the side of the Pup's wind shield for support, "I was figuring on that for apartment rent." He eyed me with compassion.

My eye was struck by a low, coffee colored car of tremendous length which thrust a long, pointed nose at us. Lamps like snare drums bound in silver flanked the boat-like prow, and the low leather top fitted close over the tonneau, like a girl's sport hat.

I exclaimed in admiration, and the General observed, "Finest open car in the city. Belongs to the greatest theatrical perdoocer in Noo York. Looka them fittin's." He opened the double-locked rear door. I looked, dazzled.

We moved on. My guide gestured towards a sniffy little brougham which stood primly between two overbearing closed cars. It was an exquisite "job" (as the garage-wise put it), painted in glossy bottle green and black, its mudguards of shining patent leather.

"That belongs to the most popular show girl on Broadway," confided the Field Marshal. "That so?" I gasped. "Yeh, but," he prodded my lapel companionably with a banana-like finger, and dropped one eyelid with an air of vast secrecy, "th' bill here is paid by a guy whose name you know as well as you know yer own, if I was to tell it to you."

"On the level?" I queried.

He nodded his grey head solemnly, "Fact."

We swung round the square of staring machines, as he paused to point out those with unusual pedigrees or noteworthy owners. Leading actors, a legal light, a department store buyer, bankers, a champion boxer, an author—they met here on terms of equality.

"Well, this floor is not for the likes of us," I said, as gaily as possible, warping in behind the wheel again. "How about the next flight up, General?"

"Just you drive up," he said, "an' holler for Jim—he'll take keer of you." So off we clanked, back-firing a parting volley of rich smoke into the shining faces of the aristocrats.

It was a steep climb, though short, and the cantankerous Pup had no sooner reached the level floor than he coughed loudly and died on me. Peering about, I saw that we were again in the center of the stage, so to speak, with another rather distinguished audience taking us in. I had just time to note that they composed what might be termed the "upper middle class" of automotive society, when Jim appeared.

A gaunt, spare Abraham Lincoln figure of a man was Jim. In lieu of the imposing raiment of Mr. Kelly, of the floor below, Jim was draped in spotless tan unionalls, with the garage insignia embroidered across his front in crimson script. He gave the impression of being ready to tackle the meanest, dirtiest job in a wink—but of never having had to do so.

"Lay down awn you, eh?" he smiled, as my enraged look was taking in the Pup's hood, fenders, and other members. "They *will* do it, at the durndest times." He cackled dryly. I shook my head sadly, glancing about at the rows of smug, regular boarders. Each bumper seemed, to my distorted imagination, a wide mouth, stretched to a grinning curve at my humiliation.

"How much a month, on this floor—for this?" I asked heavily, indicating the resentful Pup.

"Forty-five dollars," responded Jim promptly, shifting a suspicious lump dexterously from his left cheek to his right.

"Pretty good lookin' lot of cars you've got here," I observed, somewhat weakly, I thought. But something simply had to be said.

"Uh-huh, they sure are. Not many of the furrin nobility sittin' here, but th' best of what we turn out." We strolled slowly about, looking over the familiar faces of the "solid citizens." They made me feel uncomfortable.

We completed the circuit.

"I'm afraid your hotel is too high for us," I said, sadly, for it was very late. "You haven't anything else to offer, have you?" Jim's deepset eyes opened wide behind the thick lenses.

"Why, hell yes," he affirmed heartily. "I'll bet our top floor is just what you want. You steam along up there and see. Holler for Harry." He flapped a long pinion in farewell, and slid away between two cars which did not appear to have more than an inch of clearance.

Brutally I kicked the Pup to some show of activity once more, and clattered him up the final ramp, not knowing just what to expect, but prepared for anything.

Up here, the light was more subdued. We stopped with a jerk just in front of a huddled figure tilted back in a plain wooden chair. The figure awoke with a start and floundered out of the chair, rubbing his eyes.

"Hell," he observed plaintively, "don't run a feller down when he's enjoyin' God's greatest gift to sinful man." He expanded into a grin as he stretched luxuriously, and I laughed.

"You're Harry, eh?" I asked, choking the Pup to silence. "Right. What can I do for you—and your friend here?"

He laid an understanding, grimy hand on the Pup's battered snoot. That quite won my heart. It was a gesture of comradeship, of one who had seen all sides of Life, to another. He even patted the

Pup with affectionate clinking pats as I clambered out.

"Greatest car in th' world," he observed sagely, nodding his long head with its thin thatch of straw colored hair. "I've seen 'em all over th' world, too. Tibet, Madagascar, Brazil—wherever ships 'll carry 'em they'll go." I noted an anchor, a gorgeous thing in red and blue, on the muscular forearm, and understood.

I looked around. On this floor there was a high iron fence, with a padlocked door, beside which Harry was slumbering when we interrupted. Inside the fence were many cars, but they were neither new, nor shining, nor costly. They had travelled. License tags of a score of states drew my eye; the red clay of Georgia and the alkali dust of Nevada were in evidence. Sides were spattered with the hurtling mud spots of Dominion byways; even California was represented by the little red, white and blue metal canisters of extra gas and oil strapped to a running board.

"Got 'em from all over, haven't you?" I asked, as Harry flung open the gate. He nodded.

"Yes, an' let me tell you this. These babies have real character to 'em. They've been through th' mill." He smiled and showed an even row of strong, white teeth. "You know," he said whimsically, "most folks don't care for worn things. But they get to me. A scratch or a bump on them are like the lines in a 'uman face—they're the records of experience." I nodded—here, indeed, was a garage man whose like I had never seen. He hastened to add:

"Not that I like to see somethin' run down, or hopeless like, you understand. Must be shipshape, but if it is, why—to hell with th' outside, says I. I like a seasoned car, that's seen heat, and cold, and stood 'em both, as well as rough goin'. An' that goes for men, too." He laughed.

"You don't want to start me talkin'. 'Taint often I get an audience up here. Now, where would—"

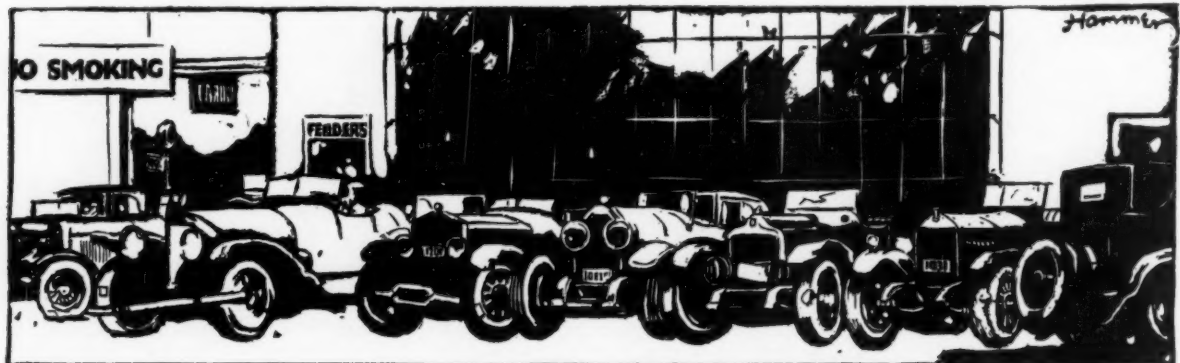
"How much, by the month?" I interrupted, doubtfully.

"Twenty-five dollars, an' no washin'," said Harry. "Washin's bad for th' paint, anyway," he added, and winked, as he cast a humorous eye over the Pup.

Together we wheeled him, creaking sleepily, into a vacant space between two scarred veterans. It almost seemed to me that they edged over hospitably, to give us a bit more room, and winked genially their dusty headlights of eyes.

"There," said Harry, "he'll rest easy now."

—Stanley Jones





# PROFILES

## A Three Dimensional Person



HERE are people who go to California for the Climate. There are people who go to California for the Movies. T.a.p.w.g.t.C. because they have sold the farm in Iowa (these last you'll find milling up and down Broadway, Los Angeles, wearing corduroy pants and a cafeteria toothpick). There are people who go to California because they actually like it. It takes all kinds of people to make a California. But there are certain other people who go to California because on the way you pass Emporia, Kansas. In Emporia, Kansas, live William Allen White and Sallie Lindsey White, his wife. If you know the Whites, and they like you, you have a blanket invitation to stop over on your way to California and spend the night at the White House, 927 Exchange Street. That alone is worth the four-day trip from the East coast to the West coast. To spend twenty-four hours as the guest of the Will Whites is to have a Great Adventure; an American pilgrimage; and a darned good time.

The White House in Emporia, Kansas, is in its way (and in other ways, too) as important as the White House in Washington, D. C. If that is lese majesté I'm willing to be shot for it as soon after sunrise as I can conveniently get up. In that red brick house on the corner of Exchange Street the Whites have entertained every sort of person from Presidents and Princes up and down. And they have no Guest Book.

The White family will call for you at the station, and return you to it. As you step off your train some one steps on it who is being farewelled by the Whites. As you board it twenty-four hours later there descends from it some one who is welcomed by the Whites. If you say, "Oh, I didn't know you had other guests. I hope I'm not inconveniencing you," you will find yourself addressing empty air because Will White, with one of your bags and Young Bill with the other, are already leading the way toward the family Dodge which is slightly sway-backed from much bearing of visitors and visitors' luggage.

For the rest, your twenty-four hours will be a mellow blend of roomy red brick house, flagged terrace, lily pond, fried chicken, books, ancient elms, four-poster beds, hot biscuits, front porch, old mahogany, deep dish apple pie, peace, friendliness, bath rooms, Kansas sky, French peasant china, and the best conversation to be found east (or west) of the Rockies.

William Allen White is editor and owner of that flourishing and nationally known newspaper, the Emporia *Gazette*. If you want to make him mad say you remember his famous editorial entitled "What's

the Matter With Kansas?" He is also a novelist, a biographer, a politician (in the statesman sense of the word), a writer of pungent articles for the magazines; author of a superb collection of short stories called "In Our Town"; a witty and forceful speaker; and one of God's Green Footstools. In him are mingled the fine and the Rabelaisian in such nice proportions as to make any contact and conversation with him energizing, exhilarating and cathartic, all at once.

Of Yankee-Irish descent, you constantly find in him the shrewdness of the Yankee fighting it out with the dashing romanticism of the Irishman. It is the Yankee strain in him that has made the Emporia *Gazette* one of the best paying newspaper plants of its size in the United States. In its columns you will see White's wise and sophisticated editorial comment side by side with the pleasing items that chronicle the comings and goings of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Parmlee who have Sundayed with her folks in El Dorado; or the account of the basket social in K. P. hall. It is the Irish in him that is always fighting for under dogs and lost causes and right against might. It was the Irishman who, last Autumn, left his newspaper, and his quiet comfortable study on the second floor of the Exchange street house, and Addie Wecker's cooking, and the Woodrow Wilson biography on which he was working, to go tilting against the Klan in the State of Kansas.

He who had been offered public office a hundred times and who had never accepted it; who had made governors and senators and helped make presidents, now announced himself as candidate for the governorship of Kansas as his protest against the poison of the Ku Klux Klan rule. It was a quixotic, brave and unique campaign. He solicited no funds. He organized no henchmen. He promised no plums. He set forth no political platform. He was anti-Klan. That was all. Alone Bill White, Sallie White and Young Bill set off in the middle class automobile in the general direction of the Kansas sunrise to stump the Kansas prairies and the Kansas towns. It was hard work and wearing, physically and mentally.

They lost the fight. The Klan candidate won. But for the first time in the history of that Klan-ridden State the workings of the slimy organization had been dragged into the open for all to gaze upon its ugliness and venom.

One can imagine a national political convention without an American flag; without nominating speeches; without a gavel, without a New York State majority; without a temperature of 96 degrees. But a national political convention without William Allen White in the press section is unthinkable. It is certain that in the last twenty years there has been no great and important political, national, or international movement, cause, or event in which William Allen White has not taken an active part. To read

his account of the Peace Conference in the Woodrow Wilson biography is to read *History Made Fascinating*. He is interested in everything from good roads to the German debt. It is incredible that one can be so wise, yet never dull.

In appearance William Allen White is a rotund gentleman given to light gray suits with a curving cut that serves to emphasize his rotundity. In the summer he is addicted to Palm Beach clothing and a certain pale gray kid shoe that seems to be indigenous to Emporia. His sandy red blonde hair is now sprinkled with gray. His voice is high, his speech somewhat staccato, his hands restless, his forehead magnificent, calm, benign. His eyes are a pale blue except at such times as find him stirred, intensely serious, and emotionalized, when they become, strangely enough, almost black. He is considerable of a gourmet and can mix a pretty mean sauce himself. He has even been known, when ill, to spend a pleasant hour in bed reading the cook book.

Two incidents in connection with the Emporia house are illuminating. There is nothing Ritzy about the White establishment. Kansas has no servant class. Occasionally, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer is willing to come to town to engage in housework, but her position is so far from menial as occasionally to cause some embarrassment on the part of a guest who has been brought up in the atmosphere of English house party fiction. As, for example, when a very well known Englishman visiting the Whites left his muddy boots outside his bedroom door on retiring. Emporia housemaids do not polish boots. They do not even know the significance of boots left outside the bedroom door on retiring. I've forgotten whether Bill White or Sallie White polished those boots and placed them again outside the closed door. But one of them certainly did.

Two or three years ago a road company of Somerset Maugham's "The Circle" was playing the Middle West. Emporia was included in the route. It was a distinguished company of players including Wilton Lackaye, Amelia Bingham, Henry E. Dixey and others equally well known. They had been out for some time. Weeks of wearying travel, lumpy beds, stuffy hotel rooms, small-town hotel cooking, maddening train schedules, and little source of outside entertainment, had begun to work havoc. Irritability was rampant. Literally no one in the company was speaking to anyone else off stage.

Something of this came to the ears of William Allen White and Sallie White. When the travel-worn company descended from the train at Emporia they were invited to stay at the White House until next day, when they were due to leave for the next town. They were to dine at the Whites', spend the night there, breakfast there, and go on.

A distraught, slightly haughty and morose company, they were piloted to the red brick house. There juts, at one side of the White residence, a large square roomy porch so constructed as to catch all the breezes. On it are easy chairs, hammocks, swings, books, tables and like aids to indolence. "The Circle" company, catching sight of this ample excrescence, showed signs of rousing from its apathy.

Once inside, and the general flutter subsiding, each

was shown to a room. Each was shown a bath. Big, still, comfortable rooms. Roomy, white, unhurried baths. Before dinner each member of the company found occasion to take aside Bill White and to take aside Sallie White and give utterance to those grievances against every other member of the company, which had secretly been gnawing at their vitals. Hogging scenes, remissness in throwing cues, high-hatting—all the old familiar crimes of the actor were fastened on the shoulders of each by each. The Whites listened, sympathized, said little. An early dinner was served. Platters of chicken, and always another platter of chicken. Vegetables of the bouncing Kansas kind. A great salad mixed honestly in a bowl, and turned, and tossed until each jade green leaf and scarlet tomato and blanched spear of endive glistened in its own coating of oil dressing. Home made pie and home made cake and ice cream.

Tense lines in faces relaxed. The faint outline of a glow began almost imperceptibly to pervade the company. The performance of "The Circle" that night was, perhaps, choked but unctuous. What it may have lacked in soul quality it made up in body. They returned to the White House after the show. They had that time-honored and soothing hour devoted to late supper and mellow talk—and it was mellow, and, somehow, rich and fruity with old stage experiences, and reminiscences of by-gone days.

They trooped up to their rooms—those big, quiet comfortable four-postered rooms. They suddenly were calling gay good-nights to each other, and see-you-in-the-morning, and sleep well. It was long past midnight. The streets of the little mid-western town were quiet. And peace and quiet settled down upon the old red brick house.

The Whites know the ways of actor folk, and breakfast was not until eleven. The Whites' notion of a tasty breakfast dish is the good old half acre of beefsteak smothered with lamb chops. Also melon, grapefruit, orange juice, or what will you have? Also bacon and eggs; coffee poured from the percolator; home made jellies; and tiny hot golden biscuits the size of a half dollar. They say that no one ate less than nine hot biscuits, nor drank less than three cups of coffee. And long before this they were calling each other Henry, and Amelia, and Wilt. And after breakfast the ladies of the company could be seen strolling about the garden, their arms twined girlishly and artlessly about each other's waists. And the men were calling one another "old fellow" and swapping cigars, and saying, "No, you take it. It's more comfortable."

"The Circle" company took the noon train out of Emporia, Kansas. It was a smiling, benevolent, and serene company; a friendly, calm, and transformed company. The Whites went back to 927 Exchange Street, and sat on the front porch and rocked.

There must not be gained from this the mistaken impression that about the William Allen White domicile there is a Christ-like Servant In The House atmosphere. The Whites are not reformers. They are gorgeous human beings. And Bill White comes perilously near to being the Great American Citizen.

—Edna Ferber

# GOOSE VS. GOOSE

THE controversy concerning Mother Goose rages with increasing bitterness. The Fundamentalists insist that "Hush-a-by Baby on the Tree Top," even though sung very much off pitch, has always raised fat and healthy babies, with good appetites and rosy complexions. The Modernists, backed by many psychoanalysts, are equally positive that the part about the breaking bough has been responsible for many a "falling complex," with its attendant evils of dizziness, fainting spells, dropsy and kindred ills.

It is true, of course, that a complex may work good as well as evil. Thus, the infant who took Little Jack Horner seriously may in later life become a politician who has but to stick in his thumb in order to pull out all the good plums the Administration has to offer. But, the Modernists contend, the majority of complexes are very, very naughty, due to the fact that they have not had the proper home training and have been allowed to roam the streets with vicious companions. These naughty ones, they say, will of course corrupt any good complex with which they may come in contact.

Let us assume, as an illustration, that the infant has taken an unusual fancy to "Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack jump over the candle stick." Now, if the good complex which this developed were left alone the youngster might develop into the world's greatest jumper, and thus be enabled to collect enough "expense money" for giving exhibitions to keep him in luxury for the rest of his life. But, the Modernists tell us, this is not the way it works. Right here the other complexes get on the job, and if left to work their will our young man may become either a pyromaniac or a second story worker. Of course, if the bad complexes have become enervated through wrestling with the good it may be possible that only a mild aversion to candles and lights will result, or maybe a tendency to jump to conclusions. "Mother" Stoner, the leader of the Modernists, has ought to solve the momentous questions involved in this Mother Goose controversy by rewriting the jingles so that they will give each little future carrier of complexes some vital information concerning a natural fact. Thus, "Rain, rain, go away, come again another day, little Willie wants to play" becomes:

Patter, patter, hear the rain fall  
So I can't go out to play ball,  
But I know that every shower  
Helps to beautify each flower.

The hope being, of course, that when it begins to rain just after four and one-half innings have been played the good complex engendered by this jingle will make its owner grateful that each flower is being beautified, even though the home team is ahead with two on the bags and Ruth the next man up.

We think the Fundamentalists are wrong and the Modernists only half right. The latter have gone part of the distance, but they have not gone far enough. We feel very strongly that what is needed is a really practical Mother Goose, a Mother Goose which will raise complexes as are complexes. We do not mean the anaemic ones which make us glad the flowers are being watered, but the virile, he-man kind which will start its possessor off in the race for success with a tremendous advantage. Let us illustrate what we mean with Little Jack Horner:



"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting"

Little Jack Horner  
In wheat got a corner,  
Likewise a corner in oats,  
In fact he got rich  
By corners and "sich"  
And making the public the goats.

Again, what does it get Mistress Mary, quite contrary, or the person making the inquiry either for that matter, to know the state of her garden? That is, of course, unless she intends to take up gardening as a life's work, which very few of us do. We simply help to give the child a work complex and cause her to feel that only by work can success be achieved. How much better, indeed, to inculcate into her subconsciousness, the beneficent effects of a little judicious idleness, thus:

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
Loafed in a Broadway show,  
While others worked  
Our Mary shirked,  
Now she's in Millionaires' Row.

Indeed, it is not only along the line of material advancement that we should see to it that our children grow a proper crop of complexes. The social side should not by any means be neglected. Following Volstead, sociability begins with the bottle (indeed it can be said with truth that it very often ends there). We should therefore bring home to our offspring, while they are still in their formative years, just what they will have to put into bottle sociability and what they can reasonably expect to get out of it. In other words, teach them what their bottle expectancy is, based upon the latest statistics of actuaries of experience. So we offer the following:



Sing a song of *expense*  
 A pocket full of rye  
 At seven bucks a bottle,  
 It's enough to make you cry.

Ah, but when the bottle's opened,  
*Then* the birds begin to sing,  
 And if you'll take a few or more  
 You'll feel just like a king.

Here we give some really useful advice. In this eight line jingle we not only tell our children of the difficulties which must be overcome to procure sociability, but we go further. We warn them against the dangers of becoming discouraged after the first drink. It may well happen that they will not want to take another because the first one tastes like burnt rubber with a dash of household ammonia, or because it makes them sleepy, or from any number of other reasons which may keep them from becoming seasoned drinkers. We help them to avoid this pitfall.

Of course we should want the child to understand that the particular rye which was in the pocket was purchased before the prohibition law went into effect, and that it was being carried around in the home and was not in any sense illegal transportation. We cannot bring home to them at too early an age the sanctity of the Eighteenth Amendment. So we would change the "Bye, Baby Bunting" nonsense about clothing baby in rabbit skins to read like this:

Bye, baby bunting,  
 Daddy's gone a-hunting  
 To get some "sympathetic" gin  
 To perpetrate a Volstead sin.

There are ways, of course, to obtain clothes without paying for them, the most popular being to permit someone else to do so. But where, we ask you, in the Mother Goose of either the Fundamentalists or the Modernists, do you find any advice or assistance about this very easy way of dressing one's self? There simply isn't any. Of what earthly use is the knowledge to a child that pussy's coat is warm, and that it isn't considered good form to tease her or pull her tail? The fact that the coat keeps pussy warm doesn't help keep us warm. We want to teach the child what will protect her from the cold and, most important of all, how to obtain it. So, with due modesty, we offer the following:

I like little sealskins  
 They keep you so warm,

And if I can get them they'll do me no harm,  
 So I'll not tease my husband nor drive him away  
 As long as he's able for sealskins to pay.

Of course your child will drive a car. But has anyone warned him of the humiliating experience awaiting him of being vociferously reprimanded by a traffic cop for attempting to cross after the whistle has been blown? This will, of course, happen when he is driving four girls around to show them the town: it always does. We venture to say that no such warning has ever been given. What are you going to do about it? Do you intend to keep on feeding his young mind with nonsense about cows being in meadows and sheep in corn? Do you want to give him a complex which will cause him to blow a horn or whistle every time he sees a bottle of milk or a mutton chop? Of course you don't. Then why not something of real utility, like the following:

P'liceman in blue  
 Come blow your horn  
 And "bawl out" the driver  
 Who keeps going on.

Of course this doesn't rhyme unless you pronounce the word "on" like the people of Brooklyn. But some of the Mother Goose jingles don't rhyme either. What we want is rhythm, and not necessarily rhyme.

Perhaps the most desirable thing in life is the ability to ward off senility. But we have searched the Mother Goose of both the Fundamentalists and the Modernists from end to end and have been unable to find one bit of advice concerning this vital point. There is a long dissertation on the disappointment of Mrs. Hubbard and her dog, which is just so much useless information. But how different is this:

Old Mother Hubbard goes to the cupboard  
 To get her cosmetics a-plenty,  
 For she knows well enough that by using the stuff  
 She won't look a day over twenty.

Here we inculcate a complexion complex, which will make it second nature for every woman to give herself a complex complexion that cannot do other than deceive the most sophisticated male. And what can give the so-called feeble sex greater happiness than that?

We thus offer to the quarreling factions, without charge, a solution of all their difficulties.

—Joseph F. Fishman





THIS department's somewhat unconsidered gesture in the way of reviewing *in toto* an evening's radio broadcast program is about to be redeemed. Run—do not walk—to the nearest exit.

Before we narrate the prodigies and other things that came through our loud speaker from Station WEAF on a recent Friday, let us assure you that our receiver is a good one. Its maker presented it to us with little ceremony and less provocation, but we must speak well of it. (Radio sets intended for this department should be left at the offices of THE NEW YORKER not later than Friday of each week. Please mark them "personal," as the book department's receiver is home made.)

WEAF, in case no one has told you, is a commercial station, renting the air to affluent concerns who provide the amusement or otherwise. At least two of the attractions presented on our night of earful waiting were sponsored by business interests and on some nights the whole program may be provided by accounts. Consequently, WEAF is able to inundate its listeners with paid entertainers in place of song pluggers and ambitious choir applicants.

When we tuned in on WEAF we heard somebody issuing bedtime fiction, but that was our fault, because WEAF follows its advertised schedules faithfully and we shouldn't have lit the tubes so early. At any rate, the proceedings took a less solemn turn at 7:45, when Mrs. James Hirschberg, variously advertised as soprano and contralto, and actually a mezzo-soprano, sang Russell's "Vale," "The Waters of Minnetonka," and Oley Speaks's "Sylvia," all members in good standing of the radio favorites union. Mrs. Hirschberg obviously has a good voice, a trifle unsteady in the balcony but of good texture in the parquet and dress circle. Her few minutes were agreeable, and probably much more than that to those who are not surfeited with her trinity of songs.

Followed M. Marcel Salzinger, an operatic baritone with a burly, ringing voice, who sang Flègier's doleful "The Horn." M. Salzinger sounded better than he did at his Town Hall recital, but the opportunity of hearing him in more attractive music departed when the hour for the Happiness Boys arrived. Mrs. Hirschberg and M. Salzinger had a good accompanist in the popular "Winnie" Barr, the able relief pianist of WEAF. There are at least three first rate accompanists hidden in broadcasting studios, the other two being Keith McLeod of wjz and Maude Mason of WAHG.

The Happiness Boys, doing their weekly stint in behalf of a chain of confectionery emporia are Billy Jones, a splendid tenor, and Ernie Hare, who has rather a remarkable bass baritone voice. Their musicianship ought to commend them to us serious persons, and their jokes sound funny when they tell them. They probably could expound "One who thinks he can do it in par" and make you like it. They followed a "happy thought for kiddies" with a gag line about a red necktie which probably embarrassed a few eavesdropping parents. However, as the candy stores probably instruct them to say, everyone to his taste.

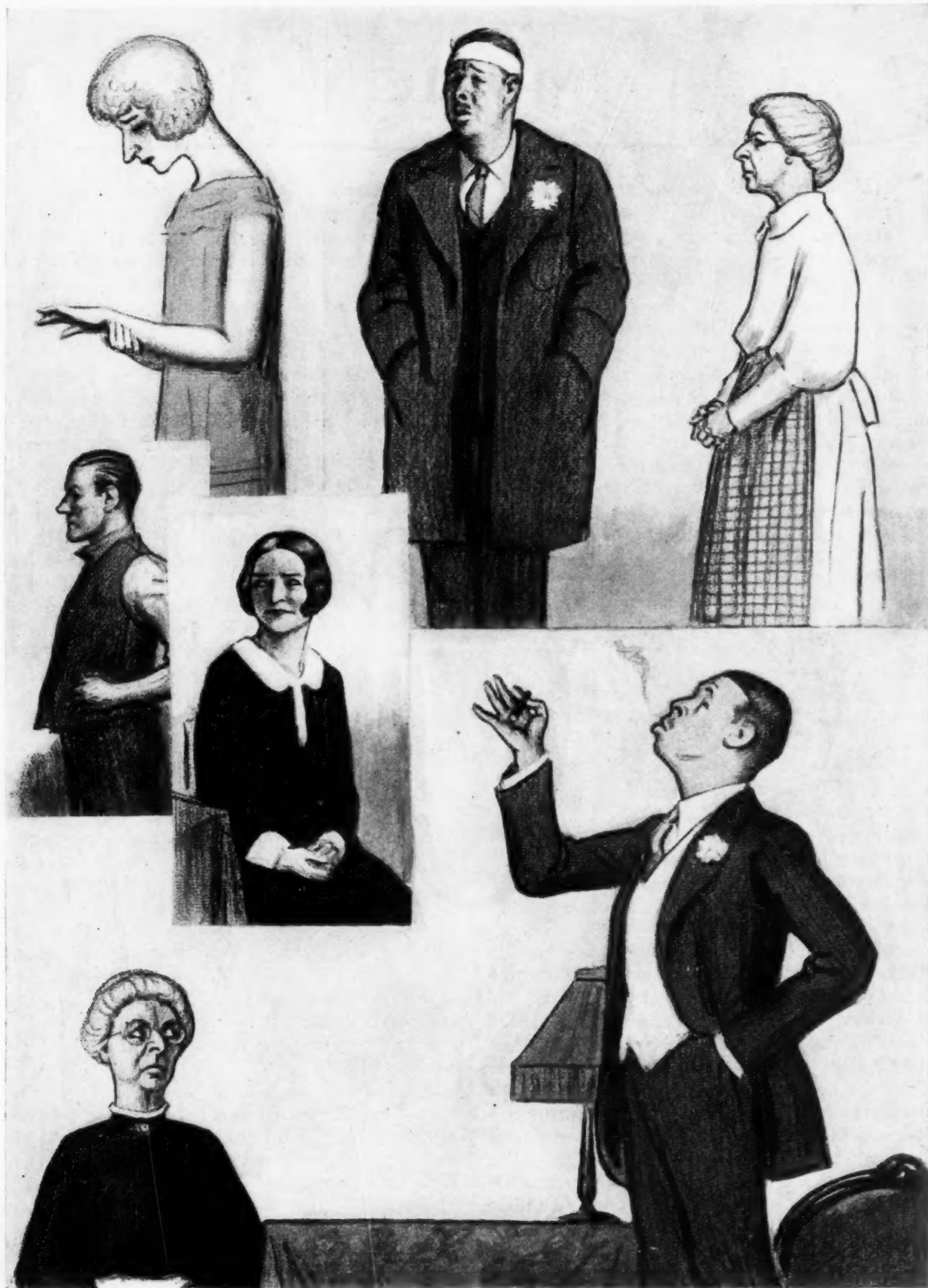


An old-fashioned piano duet served as prelude for the Columbia University Orchestra, which was tossed into the air for half an hour, during which Julian H. De Gray (Pulitzer prize winner in music, although the announcer didn't tell us that) played most of the Grieg piano concerto to an earnest accompaniment by his fellow Morningsiders. There was no reason for supposing that the Columbia Orchestra followed the example set by Harvard's symphony at its concert last year, of ringing in a few Philharmonic men at strategic desks. (Of course, there may be some Harvard undergraduates in the Philharmonic.)

Mr. De Gray played his solo with zest, and barring a few banana peelish descending passages, made a good job of the concerto. At 9 o'clock, with some six pages of the finale to go, the announcer declared the concerto finished, and we wouldn't have been the wiser, either, if we hadn't had the score in hand.

A furniture house, which has adopted "Home Sweet Home" as a *leit motif*, then declared its responsibility for an orchestral program, which began with all manner of Scotch songs interspersed with fearful stuff from the announcer. "Came the great war" was one of the lines. After this zero half-hour, the orchestra turned to dance music, ripping it off easily and naturally.

The musical and good will offering by the "Home Sweet Home" folks was succeeded by the Gordon Trio, consisting of Messrs. Crawford, Groff and Ferris, three Princeton men who sing baritone, fiddle and play piano respectively. And they are good. Mr. Groff has genuine violin talent and played unhackneyed selections. Mr. Crawford, announced as a Damrosch prize winner, sings well, if without much color, and he too showed good taste, although his own composition fared poorly beside such a masterpiece as Griffes's "An Old Song Resung."



### GREAT MOMENTS FROM THE DRAMA

*"The Show-Off" at the Playhouse*

WHERE *Aubrey Piper* is nightly upsetting the peace and calm of the Fisher family. Starting at the upper left we have Miss Wellington as *Amy*, trying to get a twinkle out of the ring. Below is Mr. Carey as *Joe* and Miss Goodriche as *Clara*. The

latter is thinking about love. The remainder of the page has to do with Mr. Bartels, as *Aubrey Piper*, and Miss Lowell, who plays *Mrs. Fisher*, the belligerent mother-in-law.

—W. E. Hill





THE proposal has been made to recognize as more than justifiable, that is to say praiseworthy, homicide the murder of any citizen by any reviewer to whom mention has been made to the effect that it's pretty lucky for you, you big stiff, free tickets to all the openings.

Take "Lady of the Rose," then. Go on, take it, we've got another pack.

Every now and then people who should know better start to organize a debate on after all, what is life, how do you know what's real and what's not real, maybe the only reality is illusion. A vaudeville team of two stage Englishmen used to do it excellently years ago. "Wouldn't it be strange," said the one, "if you were I and I were you?" Whereupon the other deliberated for some time and nibbled at the head of his cane and said, "By George, Percy, maybe we are."

So along comes Martin Flavin to put it all into a play. And because, some time ago, this same Mr. Flavin wrote "Children of the Moon," a play which few saw, but about which the curious legend circulated that it was nevertheless a great drama, people that hadn't been out of the house in years gathered together for its opening night.

*John Meredith*—who is one of those characters whom nobody calls *John* and nobody calls *Meredith*, but everyone calls *John Meredith*—is a celebrated dramatist who thirty years ago wrote an unproduced play that in time has come to be real to him. When he has nothing else to do, which is all the time, he sits and talks to the heroine of this masterpiece, in the dialogue of the play. He's so happy, for you see he's living with his dreams.

He married Margaret Mower, because she looked like this dream woman, but he found out all too soon that there are differences. And so he has come to hate her. What does she do then but arrange to have his masterpiece produced, unknown to him, with herself in the leading role, and himself in the theatre on opening night, unknown to her.

Experienced readers of THE NEW YORKER will recall precious moments in their dreams when the telephone has rudely wakened them and separated them, beyond recall, from great happinesses.

Well, the production and his wife as the flesh and blood embodiment of the dream girl are just one loud, endless telephone ring to *John Meredith*. And so he carries on about it and he dies, but there's a mystic bit about the unexplained presence in the death-room of the only physical property of the imagined woman—a blood-red rose.

There is, to be sure, an idea here, though it is neither novel nor powerful. To be at all dramatically palatable, it would have to be developed by a resourceful and imaginative playwright and interpreted by temperate and sensitive actors. . . . No.

But Margaret Mower, entry should be made for the record, becomes more and more beautiful year after year. When she went on the stage, the theatre's gain was life's loss.

THE other opening of the week was "Man or Devil?" by Jerome K. Jerome. A good time is to be had by all students of what has come to be known as character acting.

First in the list is Lionel Barrymore and something should be done—perhaps there could be a law—to keep this excellent actor from wasting his precious time in the plays from which he's been able to blow the dust lately. In "Man or Devil?", of course, Barrymore's character is such a one as never was on land or sea or even in an intelligent imagination—but there is life and gusto and a perfect stage sense to his work. . . . How about giving Shakespeare another chance, Mr. Barrymore? He was nervous last time and really wasn't himself.

But the pleasurable character acting in the piece does not end with Mr. Barrymore. There are, thus, Marion Ballou, in a role as stencilled as any the theatre knows, interpreted to seem as true as life itself; Egon Brecher, an able and experienced actor, playing a grateful part to the hilt, without effort, and McKay Morris, giving the first evidence of ability in boisterous comedy. Ruth Findley is appropriately sweet and gracious.

The play itself is nothing much and has an idea even older than Mr. Flavin's. Two men, you see, exchange souls. However, if you wish you can stuff your ears with cotton and make up a dandy plot for yourself as the action develops.

### The New Plays

LADY OF THE ROSE. *At the Fortyninth Street. Old John Meredith has been living a dream life all these years and his unfeeling attendants take it away from him.*

MAN OR DEVIL? *At the Broadhurst. Lionel Barrymore and a number of other good players in a piece that doesn't amount to much but lets them contribute unrelated items of good acting.*



THE RUM RUNNER STU  
"I'll Raise You a Dime."





RUNNERS STUCK IT OUT  
"Raise Your Dime, Bill"



# ART

ACCORDING to our way of thinking the Whitney Studio Club's tenth annual exhibition, on view until May 30 at the Anderson Galleries, is the most important American show of the year. Here we have everything, almost, that we like in the all American team of pigment throwers. Things we have seen and admired during the winter now come to hang with others of the same ilk. It is an Independent show run through a sieve, the Spring Salon through a couple of sieves; and the sieve we feel is an excellent one.

Of course, there is no loophole in the vicious circle of Independence. If your plan is honest and performs its promise, it must admit anything that is brought along and has two screw-eyes and a piece of wire on the back for hanging. And the Independent and the Spring Salon organizations being honest, a lot of the children come to the table before they are even able to hold knife and fork. Some of them, it seems, have not even mastered the technique of a spoon and pusher. But these have a right at the board as surely as those versed in such refinements as olive seed disposal and finger bowls. The moment you designate who shall come and who shall be denied, all the sins and vices of arbitrary juries set in and you might as well call the doctor for a return of the old malady, Academyitis. And yet from a pragmatic standpoint, there is great virtue in selectivity, as witness the Whitney Club show. Tell us the name of that system that chooses so well and fairly and we will join up, rendering lip service merely to the theory of the Independent.

If one were to pick flaws he might note that the "Senorita" of Elizebeth Clark was a bit too Zuloaga and the "Posing Model" of Etta Fick too Toulouse Lautrec. But there are so many fine things such carping would be ungenerous. The "Flora" of Henry Schnakenberg is being whispered about as a thing fit for our museum on Fifth Avenue, but personally we liked best his "New England Landscape." Perhaps that is merely the selling potential of the quality of recognition. The particular spot of landscape is one we have viewed hundreds of times. Then there are two of the best of Niles Spencer, another of our white hopes who had a full show at Daniel's this Spring. And W. E. Hill, the theatre's Hogarth, has a canvas as individual as his drawing. But there is so much of it we can't list the whole catalogue. The high lights of our pleasure were Ault, Bianco, Peggy Bacon, De Martini, Margaret Herrick, Frank

London, William Meyerowitz, Reginald Marsh, Charles Sheeler and Rudolph Tandler.

The epic of art in America has yet to be written. When it is penned there will doubtless be a chapter on those who came up out of the endless seas of wheat to paint the ocean tides. Karl Knaths, hailing from Portage, Wisconsin, hitherto known as the town that produced Zona Gale, took his brush to Provincetown. Portage would shudder, we are afraid, at what Karl

has done since leaving the old homestead. Unless, perhaps, Zona has prepared them for anything. Some of Knaths's work can now be seen at Daniel's, stronghold of the selected modern. Not always clearly realized as to form, his paint has a distinctly personal quality. And Knaths's things are not like a dozen others. Daniel is also showing paintings by Fiske Boyd, a local boy who has a cool and deliberate brush. A trip to that gallery is always worth it if only to see the water colors of John Marin and Preston Dickinson and the black and whites of Kuniyoshi.



The art critic whose pet word is brush-stroke has fallen on lean days. He might as well stay away from the Lee Hersch show at the Montross Gallery. For Hersch

left his brushes at home and did it all with a palette knife. When he wants to he can draw, as he shows by his "Nude" and one or two of his portraits. The rest of the two score are mainly effective and some of them arresting in composition—especially "Circus," an elephant coming through the scarlet portals of the main tent. The virtue of the heavily pigmented painting is a freshness that gives the picture the air of having been finished the day before. Hersch makes excellent use of the method without being too stumpy.

Why we don't know, but we got a kick from walking into the Milch Galleries and finding a picture that we had singled out of the Academy desert of a few weeks ago. Perhaps it tickled our Columbus complex. Anyway the picture is "Life and Still Life" and is by Robert Brackman, whose show is current there until the end of the month. Some of the arrangements we feel a bit too arty and thus at variance with a certain fresh quality of paint that Brackman has attained. Pleasing pictures, most of them, and an easy step for the patron caught between the old romantic and newer, raucous art.

# TOO GOOD FOR THE MORONS

LIFE is often trying in a big city like New York; and with the hot weather coming on and all the shows closing up and Peggy Joyce off for Europe again, the next two or three months look tougher than ever. Drove of wealthy and intelligent men and women turned on the gas rather than put up with the deadly boredom of June, July and August, 1924, and it is well known that many good people are getting up suicide pacts and clubs among their friends and neighbors this year, as well. As these clubs offer a year's subscription to *Harper's Magazine* and an autographed copy of the "Book of Etiquette" with each membership, the suicide fad is spreading like wild fire. At the present rate, New York's literate population will cease to exist sometime in 1956. (Cf. Dr. Raymond Pearl's "The Biology of the Intelligentsia, With Graphs.")

Fortunately, there is no excuse for boredom any longer, and those who blow out their brains this year will be very foolish. Because for two cents a day any melancholia sufferer can have more fun than a barrel of monkeys. It involves a little reading, but what doesn't nowadays?

Perhaps you have already guessed that we are working up to some mention of New York's latest and juiciest publication, the *Graphic*, the property and plaything of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, whose beautiful white body with all muscles flexed adorns many a health catalogue, and who sometimes styles himself: "The Man With the God Driven Pen."

We are aware that a snooty attitude toward "picture papers" is painfully prevalent these days among people wishing to be considered intellectual. The feeling seems to be that the tabloids are edited by and for victims of dementia praecox. This is the case, but, as is also the case, they are much too good for the morons and the civilized adult who affects disdain for this sort of reading is merely biting off his nose to spite his face. The fact is that every page of Mr. Macfadden's paper is a guaranteed, sure-fire wow.

Most connoisseurs prefer Patricia Lee's column where a wife can squawk on her husband as loud as she likes and a husband can snitch on the wife. "Blue Eyes" complains that her husband gives her a bloody nose every morning; Fred weeps that his common law wife refuses to marry him. Helen R., a spinster, tells of the child she is expecting and says she is riotously happy and doesn't give a damn. "More power to you," says Patricia. There are also such interesting situations as that of Mamie, who reports

that father is raising the roof because she is enceint and won't name the man. She is quite perplexed. Patricia wants to see her and talk it over.

But perhaps letters bore you, in which case we recommend a feature called: "Diddle Dum." This is a daily story, full of misspelled words, for the kiddies. Sample:

"I herd a storee yistaday abowt a littul gerl who hed a deepe luv fer flours," etc.

Now, at first blush, that isn't so awful interesting,

but wait! The *Graphic* offers a seat at the Hippodrome for each neatly corrected copy of the story. By writing several replies with your left hand, it's a cinch to clean up a half a dozen seats every day. Special care must be taken to make your handwriting round and childish, as editors are smart fellows sometimes. A good idea is to put "age 6" after your name,



now and then, and to tell the editor that you ask God to bless him every night. After you and your friends have enjoyed the Monday performance, you can scalp the tickets for the balance of the week in the alley back of the Algonquin Hotel. The plan has only one disadvantage. The children who have won the nearby seats are very apt to giggle and act up during your night at the show. You can give them a good slap in the face or report them to the usher, just as you please.

In this one instance, it will be seen that the two cents you spend for the *Graphic* is a mere drop in the bucket. With any kind of luck, you can get your money back a hundred times over, besides taking in a good vaudeville show once a week.

But the really worthwhile feature is the Shetland Pony and Cart Contest. Imagine what good times you could have with a real Shetland pony! All you have to do is to say you are 8 years old and get all your friends to vote for you. It's a mighty good chance to find out who your real friends are, anyhow. Of course, you have to send in your photograph, but everybody has a lot of kid pictures kicking around. If you don't like the pony you can always sell it.

Even the advertisements in Mr. Macfadden's publication are a wow—especially the advertisements.

It is hoped that all fun loving boys and girls are following the hell-roaring adventures of the man in the Order of Moose ads now current. Or the fellow who finally joined the Owls. Or the hero of the Foresters of America advertisements.

In recent drawings illustrating the latter, Wilfred

(that is our name for the Forester candidate) is shown trying to climb Mt. Everest. You can see right away that he is pretty sick of the whole thing. For one thing, some smart aleck with a taste for practical jokes has tied two big laundry bags, labelled "Sickness" and "Slander" on Wilfred's back; and beetling over him are several hair raising crags, designated as Unemployment, Misfortune, The 5-Cent Fare, Trouble, The Yellow Peril, and Lonesomeness. A Human Fly couldn't make that climb—and it is at least ten miles to the bottom of the ad. You want to shut your eyes.

But hold on, friends! Who is this benevolent figure, bigger than the whole mountain, who is stretching out his hand? Bright rays are shooting fanwise from his brow. No it is not a Being from above because the gentleman has a moustache. Besides, if you look sharp, you will see a large emblem pinned to his coat lapel. *It is the Foresters of America to the rescue*—appearing as dramatically as the Battleship Oregon or the Eighth United States Cavalry.

Now if Wilfred can only hang on long enough to get out his initiation fee he is at once translated to the picture at the bottom of the page.

Apparently, in this picture, there has been a lapse of five years. Wilfred has given up mountain climbing and is taking life easy in an overstuffed chair.

He is wearing a swell suit of silk pajamas and the room is filled with books and American Beauty roses. But, just the same, he is feeling bum. You can tell that right away because there is a trained nurse there, with a big bowl of beef extract. And yet, he is getting all the breaks. A doctor with whiskers and a full dress suit is prescribing a pint of red eye, while another gentleman who probably was brought up in a livery stable—he keeps his hat on in the house—is

handing the invalid a big fat pay check. A long line of Foresters are entering the room in lockstep, carrying a side of beef, a twelve foot string of pearls from Cartier's, the works of Henry James and a pair of loaded dice. Whether he is really sick or just faking it, Wilfred certainly is sitting pretty.

The text of the advertisement is just as hot. "You don't have to be a social leader," you are reassured. "This order is too broadminded for that. All you have to be is clean in body and mind."

There is romance, too, in the *Graphic's* advertising pages. "Why Did She Turn Her Eyes Away?" which goes on to show that an unsightly complexion has spoiled many a love's young dream. Mr. Jack Blue, "The Master Himself," has a corking human interest series on how he has prepared society buds for social and stage leadership. You can learn how to cure yourself of the drug habit, too, if you are sincere in wanting to be cured, and the sex lure and saxophone ads are grand.

Where else can you find a tenth of the excitement, pleasure and profit and good-natured chuckles that the *Graphic* goes down on its knees to offer you? In the long-winded, button-holing *Times*? Guess again! The *Times* is much too selfish. What does Mr. Ochs care if you have a pony and cart, or if you ever see the Hippodrome in all your life? In THE NEW YORKER? Granted. But THE NEW YORKER only comes out on Fridays, and for six whole days there is absolutely nothing to do but bite your fingernails. That's how all those people happened to commit suicide last summer. The plain truth is that each one of us must take back all the things we've said about Mr. Macfadden, and subscribe to the *Graphic*, at once. It will be God's mercy when it drives all the other newspapers out of business and New Yorkers are forced to enjoy themselves, at last.—*Plutarch*



Artist: Now would you mind turning your head away for a second?  
Suspicious Boxer: Say, what's the bright trick, kiddo?



# ENNOBLING OUR CRIMINALS



SO it has come to this. They're advertising for the crook and the yegg. The first practical sign of the uplift was in the modest little placards which blossomed out some time ago in the "L" stations: they reminded prospective robbers of ticket offices that, *if they were caught*, they'd get from six to seven years. The suggestion, of course, was: not to be caught, and doubtless some few courageous men were thereby inspired to do better work. But now there are to be flamboyant posters—every bit as good as the old ones which urged us to Buy Liberty Bonds, to Save Sugar, to Save The World From The Kaiser. . . . These new works of democratic art speak out to all whom they concern: "YOU CAN'T WIN. Ships Don't Sail Beyond the Arm of the Law." Or, "YOU CAN'T WIN. You Have to Get All the Breaks. One Little Slip Means Sing Sing."

It is fair to assume that these exhortations are not addressed to the little girl who works all day in a milliner's shop; nor even to the plumber riding home from his pipes. There must be a criminal class, large and plebeian enough to use the street cars, to whom these advertisements are devoted and whom they are aimed to improve. This is highly significant as perhaps the final proof that we are a democracy, indeed. I feel however that much good material is neglected by not putting the posters also in the taxis.

At last the criminal class is to be exalted. To-day, of course, it is small pumpkins to hold up a bank clerk or sandbag an aged millionaire as he saunters from his club. Mediocre men—men of conservative instincts and cool passions—have degraded the ranks of crime. All this is now to be changed. The crook is to be challenged! The yegg is to be dared! "YOU CAN'T WIN" shout the ads. This will of course discourage the weak members. It will fire and inspire the strong ones. It will weed out the cautious crooks. It will raise the moral and spiritual standard of the whole fraternity of pillagers, marauders, brigands, thugs and pirates who grace our peaceful land, and serve to circulate moneys and emotions.

Dick Turpin, Robin Hood, the great Corsairs had no encouragement like this. They worked against a spirit of states and peoples which in every way encouraged "virtue." When one thinks of the drawbacks of those days one wonders that picaroons, spielers and strong-arm men survived at all! It merely goes to show the indestructibility of genius. Men were discouraged from peculation by thoughts of God, and by the subtle suggestion of the priests that it was *harder* to go straight! Moses had thundered: "Thou shalt not"—with the assumption that of course *thou couldst*. Jesus of Nazareth went even farther. He made it clear that it was almost impossible to be good. For ages, the aristocracies and the churches kept up their propaganda, discouraging crime on

ground that crime was easy, forgivable and mean.

We have changed all that. "You can't win my swag!" challenges the banker, knowing well that this is the very tune to inspire the daring crook against him. Indeed, the best of this new scene of our Democratic Drama is the altruism of the leaders.

They have suffered, after all, very little from hold-ups. Crime has been endemic, but sporadic. The land buccaneering art needed uplift and stimulation. It needed the standards and the token of popular support which advertising—that university of democracy—alone would give it. Enough vivid posters encouraging superior youth to bust safes or board bulion-carrying motors—through the method of challenge and of a call to adventure—and we can look forward to the day when all banks will be broken, all rich ladies stripped of their jewels, and all motors in the hands of thieves, save of course those taxis which are already run by licensed yeggmen.

Our ruling class disproves the cynicism of the materialist philosopher. Are they not now inspiring a criminal class, with educational posters, to despoil them?

But perhaps there's a way out of this dilemma, after all.

Every one knows that about fifty years ago our pioneers and pork-barrel experts instituted the campaign which has resulted in the present flood, throughout the land, of novelists and poets. Advertising methods in those days were more intimate, because the science had not been standardized. Yet the process was essentially the same as that now begun for the benefit of our criminal classes. Instead of shouting in posters, it was whispered about: "Write Poetry—and Starve." "Creators—YOU CAN'T WIN. The Possessive Arm of the Law Will Get You, Even In Paris."

The result of course was Greenwich Village, and our ten thousand Little Theatres. In the bright lexicon of youth, there's no word of challenge like CAN'T. But the crowning stroke of this manoeuvre for supplying our land with a sufficiency of poets, was the system of awards and prizes which has since sprung up.

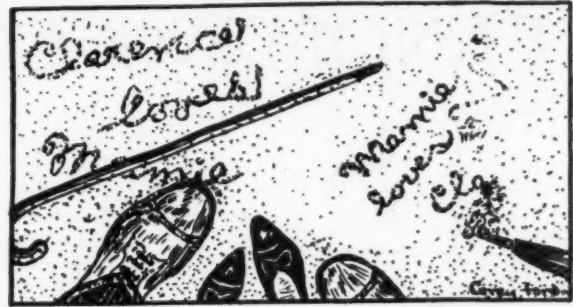
The creators, of course, were first *challenged* into existence by the possessors. Then, those who were wise enough to make their imagination and their art work for the possessors, were paid sumptuously in coin.

Similarly, bank robbers and hold-up men must first be inspired to know the dignity of their calling. These posters will help to draw the right class of energetic youth. All that remains, then, will be to announce positive rewards for those criminals who are "willing to co-operate."—*Search-light*

In the University of Chicago they have discovered that one can renew a worm's youth by cutting it into bits. We hasten to assure our more nervous customers that the experiment was made on flatworms, not on bookworms.



Suggested Design: "Clarence Loves M—"



Finished Picture: "Mamie Loves Cl—"

## SAND: IMPRESSIONISM

*A Further Study of Creative Art in New York*

WHERE shall we find the native art that springs untrammelled from the heart of a free people? Not in the stodgy exhibits of the museums or galleries, not in the narrow confines of a picture frame or the cramped medium of pen or brush; but out in the open spaces, where hearts beat high and youth skips gaily hand-in-hand with romance. Coney Island, for instance.

What more light-hearted, not to say headed, than that unusual example of a sand-portrait: *Clarence Loves M*. Here is Art indeed at the fountain-source! What an effect has been achieved with the simple use of a pointed umbrella to dig two eyes and a nose in the sand, and a big toe to scoop out lazily a semi-circular mouth, indicating a smile. Suppose now we add two crusts of bread from a discarded lettuce sandwich, or perhaps a couple of orange peels washed up in the last tide, and arrange them on either side of the face for ears: (*Clarence Loves M*) Voila! a masterpiece—to be washed away perhaps by the next roller, or stepped on by a bare foot running for the bath house—but while it lasts, surely a masterpiece! There are a hundred more etched in the sand up and down the beach.

No examination of this phase of Creative Art in New York would be complete without a brief mention of Sand Sculpture. Uncle Hyman is a handy example, at present on exhibit at Far Rockaway, where

he is getting a coat of tan during his two weeks' vacation from the milk route. There are two forms in which Uncle Hyman appears: concave and convex. The first one shows a finely modeled impression in the sand where Uncle Hyman spent the afternoon on his back getting his sunburn. The second, possibly the more life-like of the two, contains Uncle Hyman himself asleep at the bottom of a round mound of sand heaped on his stomach by his nephew Sammie and a couple of little girls. This second form was unfortunately never finished owing to Sammie's ill-advised attempt to pour the sand down his Uncle Hyman's throat.

The outstanding artistic triumph in Sand Art: "Papa Love Mamma?" (reproduced above) was composed on the sand in front of a bench at Brighton Beach by two young artists, Clarence Sacks and Mamie Martin, who employed respectively a malacca stick and the tip of a pink parasol. The first phase: "Clarence Loves M—" shows clearly the design in mind, and is the work of Mr. Sacks, an artist known for his line. The second phase of the picture: "Mamie Loves Cl—" was interrupted suddenly by a simultaneous decision on the part of both artists to join in partnership and produce from now on under the name of Sacks. Their first exhibit will be ready next Spring.—*Corey Ford*

## The Song of the Tabloid

*This is the song of the tabloid sheet,  
Hurrying, scurrying, making the street.*

Wherein hell's the story we can get to lead this rag?  
Woman's Body Found Chopped Up In a Carpet Bag?  
That's a pretty hot one, Oh, a colored woman? Heck!  
Stick it on the inside next that western railroad wreck.  
Kill that speech of Coolidge. We ain't strong on politics.  
Communists Are Scattered? Give the thing a coupla sticks.  
Egypt Under Martial Rule? Lay off that foreign stuff.  
What we want is heart throbs, written strong and treated rough.

Give us something steaming hot—that's the tabloid's dish;  
Artist's model—millionaire—love notes—the poor fish!  
Nix on heavy statesmanship! Nix on world affairs!  
Give us stuff that strikes 'em hard, rips and rends and tears,

Give us stuff that makes 'em laugh, stuff that makes 'em cry.  
Graft in Higher Office; How the Rum Runners Get By.  
Give us stuff about Big Men—Babe and Jack and Tex.  
Give us stuff that sizzles—reeking full of Sex.  
Little bit off color—lots of action, lots of speed.  
That's the kind of doings that the Public likes to read.  
Give us stuff that makes 'em grin—chuckle, smirk and wink.  
Make it pretty obvious—people hate to think.  
Where's the story for to-day—racy, rich and low?  
Follies Girl Seeks Heart Balm? That's the ticket! Let 'er go!

*This is the song of the Daily Screech;  
Love, license, levity. Ain't she a peach?*

—*Charles Street*

On the Wire

SCENE: The interior of a telephone booth.  
 TIME: The present.  
 CHARACTERS: A young man; a voice.  
 (After considerable ado, the young man has succeeded in getting a number.)  
 THE YOUNG MAN: Hello!  
 THE VOICE: Uh huh.  
 THE YOUNG MAN: Hello!!  
 THE VOICE: Uh huh.  
 THE YOUNG MAN: Hello!!!  
 THE VOICE: Ah says "Uh Huh." Wha' you all want?  
 THE YOUNG MAN: I want to speak to Miss Jones.  
 THE VOICE: Miss Joe?  
 THE YOUNG MAN: No, no. Jones! Miss Esmeralda Jones!!  
 THE VOICE: Oh! Miss Esm'alda.  
 THE YOUNG MAN: Yes, Miss Esmeralda Jones. I want to speak to her.  
 THE VOICE: You all can't speak to her.  
 THE YOUNG MAN: What's that?  
 THE VOICE: She don't live here no more.  
 THE YOUNG MAN: Doesn't live there?  
 THE VOICE: No, boss. She done move.  
 THE YOUNG MAN: Moved!  
 THE VOICE: Yeah, she done move' long time ago.  
 THE YOUNG MAN: But I spoke to her only yesterday.  
 THE VOICE: You spoke to huh yestuhday?  
 THE YOUNG MAN: Yes, yesterday!  
 THE VOICE: Oh, well, if you all spoke to huh yestuhday, I guess it's all right. I thought maybe you all might be the gen'lemun who called up the day befo' yestuhday. I'll connec' yuh with Miss Esm'alda Jones.—C. G. S.

What They Did With the Rope

AT great effort, enough rope was obtained for ten thieves. Handing it over with a gesture of complete liberty to do as they liked, the doubter's society awaited the result. The result:  
 One thief, with keen acumen, sold his share to the K. K. K. for their own ends.  
 One lay in wait by the roadside and sold his at a sky-high price to stalled motorists.  
 One cut his up into bits to be used in Delaware at the whipping post.  
 One stored all his for the day when whipping posts will be the rule throughout the nation.  
 One opened a hardware store.  
 And the remaining five, with expressions of regret, excused themselves for having to hurry back to Chicago on business.  
 So the report on the result of giving a thief enough rope and letting him hang himself must be negative. Chicago, it is to be remembered, is in Illinois, where even serious mention of this act constitutes a *faux pas*.  
 —W. G. H.

The Optimist

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.  
 Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?

HYLAN FUND SOARS TO HEIGHTS WHILE TRACTION PRESS RAGES

Paris Bourse Rallies Gamely When Yanks Trail Reds In Mound Duel

PROSPERITY ON WAY, SAYS C. SCHWAB

CONTRIBUTIONS continued to pour in yesterday to the Fund being raised by THE NEW YORKER in behalf of the re-election of Mayor Hylan(\*). The fact that the inception of the Fund has never been announced and that positively no gifts will be considered unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope apparently had no effect in dampening the generosity of the donors.

All day long, West Forty-fifth Street in front of THE NEW YORKER's offices was blocked by a constant procession of drays, trucks, lorries, taxis, motorcycles and private cars filled with gesticulating humanity anxious to pour their life savings into the coffers and also to pass the blockade at the Sixth Avenue end, where the roadway is being repaired.

A touching letter, accompanying a three-cent contribution, was received by a boy who signed his name "Charley Craig, Aetat 8." It read:

"Dear Sir: This is all I got, but I am holding out on the rent and sending it to you because I want our dear mayor to get elected so bad."

The Monday Opera Club held a rummage sale which netted two quid, three bob, tuppence ha'penny, farthing. This will be acknowledged in full as soon as it can be translated. Accompanying a sackful of Japanese yen from an anonymous contributor who signed himself "Charles L. Craig," was the line: "I have a yen that this be used in the right place," while "Edwin Franko Goldman & Band" sent a Chinese tael, with the words: "We would a tael unfold."

Other rare foreign coins donated were a Grecian drachma from the Drachma League, and a hatful of Ecuadorean sucre from an unidentified correspondent who appended the signature "Comptroller Craig" and the remark: "I would be a sucre to withhold this from a noble cause."

Further gifts will be acknowledged from time to time in the columns of THE NEW YORKER, if at all(\*\*).

(\*)It is possible that the Fund is being raised to secure the defeat of Mayor Hylan, instead of his re-election. The editor who conceived the idea is out to lunch.

(\*\*)It has just been computed that the sum total of the donations to date amount, in U. S. currency, to \$5. This by an odd coincidence, is the exact price of a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER.

Enclosed find \$5 for a year's subscription to THE NEW YORKER.

NAME .....

STREET AND NO.....

CITY AND STATE.....

THE NEW YORKER,  
 25 West 45th Street, New York City,  
 Dept. C.



## What to Talk About

IT takes a good deal of the strain off my mind to receive from G. P. Putnam's Sons a circular announcing the publication of "What to Talk About; The Clever Question as an Aid to Social, Professional and Business Advancement."

Candidly, I have never been much good on Clever Questions. When I meet some one, I generally ask: "How are you?" Then he says: "All right," and after that the sparkle gradually dies out of the conversation. But with "What to Talk About" handily tucked away in my pocket I am confident that I shall be generally advanced in no time.

The circular reproduces a page (one of 266) of the book, which consists of questions one is supposed to ask people one meets from Portland, Oregon. Of course, the obvious difficulty is that no one you ever encounter will admit he is from Portland, Oregon. He will say that he spends most of his time in New York, or that he travels a lot, or try to laugh it off some way like that. But if you fix him with a steely eye and pin him right down to the question of whether he does or does not come from Portland, Oregon, and he gets red in the face and finally confesses it—ah, then you have him!

You pull out your book, aim your finger at him, and ask, in the manner of Samuel Untermyer: "Have you ever driven along the Columbia River Highway? Will you tell me about the drive? How was this highway financed? Has the building of the interstate bridge between Oregon and Washington proved a good investment for the two States? Do you happen to know what proportion of the United States's available timber supply is located in the Northwestern States?" He must answer, of course, yes or no.

And before any one can say "Hezekiah J. Terwilliger," the man from Portland, Oregon, is emitting shrill cries of distress and dashing madly in the direction of the Grand Central Terminal. He will never annoy you again, you may be sure.

With the man from Portland permanently disposed of, the circular goes on to say: "This Useful Book Tells What to Talk About to—" and then follows

a long alphabetical list, "Accountants, Actresses, Army Officers, Babies, Brides, College Students, Detectives. . . ."

Some of these, it is patent, you won't need the book for. Obviously the thing to say to a detective, for instance, is: "Honestly, I don't know anything about it; I never met anybody involved; I was at home that night, too." But there are others mentioned in the list whose cases are more complicated. "Matrons in Society" . . . Suppose a friend comes up to me with a lady and says: "Old man, I want you to meet Mrs. Ginsburg, a Matron in Society." What would I do?

Well, I haven't received the book yet, so I don't know what the Clever Question is in her case, but wait until my copy arrives and then—bring on your Matrons in Society!

"Trolley Officials" is easy. "Have you read 'Seven Keys to'—no—" "Seven Years of Progress?" Don't you think the mayor is charming? I think before long auto buses will take the place of these stuffy cars, don't you?"

Then there is another department. "What to Talk About to Those Whose Hobby Is Astrology, Astronomy, Autographs, Automobiles, Baseball, Basketball, Bees. . . ." Ah, what a relief! Most of my friends happen to have bees for a hobby, and I have always felt out of place among them. Evening after evening I have sat alone, an outcast, while my friends have animatedly discussed bees, pro and con, to and fro, hip and thigh, cheek and jowl. Now, I shall know. Through Bees, Portland, Oregon, and Matrons in Society will come my Social, Professional and Business Advancement.

I hardly dare think what I shall be a week from to-day.—*Tip Bliss*

So susceptible are we to the adroit advertising appeal that we are thinking of moving to the Fairview Mausoleum.

A comprehensive new highway system is announced for Long Island. When they get it all finished that will be a splendid island to motor through and to move away from.





THE NEW YORKER'S conscientious calendar of events worth while

### THE THEATRE

#### WHAT PRICE GLORY—Plymouth

Still the best play of the season—and of a lot of other seasons too.

#### THE WILD DUCK—The Forty-Eighth Street

A first-rate production by the Actors' Theatre of a first-rate play by Ibsen.

#### CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Guild

This is the long-heralded Theatre Guild presentation of Shaw's penetrating comedy, with Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes in the leading roles.

#### THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Klaw

Just about as good acting—particularly by Pauline Lord—as the New York stage could offer, in a peculiarly worthwhile Pulitzer Prize Play.

#### LOVE FOR LOVE—Greenwich Village

Here we have the merry Provincetowners acting away happily in a little thing of Congreve's that Mr. Belasco's attorneys might some day introduce in rebuttal.

#### THE SHOW-OFF—Playhouse

If you haven't seen this, you'll probably go to Pisa and pass up the Leaning Tower, if you know what we mean.

#### IS ZAT SO?—The Forty-sixth Street

A robust and highly entertaining comedy, in the language and the spirit of the American vernacular.

#### THE FALL GUY—Eltinge

A well-made play, more plausible than "Is Zat So?," with James Gleason a co-author of both, but less robust and forthright.

#### THE FIREBRAND—Morosco

In the Renaissance, too, people wandered carelessly into wrong bed rooms and had their falls of the curtain to indicate the lapse of an hour. Benvenuto Cellini is the philandering hero of this.

#### LADY, BE GOOD—Liberty

A moderately funny and highly tuneful musical comedy, with the Astaires to music by George Gershwin.

#### ROSE-MARIE—Imperial

A well-mounted, well-scored and amusing musical play, that has Mary Ellis and Charles LeMaire's costumes among its outstanding features.

#### THE MIKADO—The Forty-fourth Street

Here is a pretentious yet nevertheless satisfactory revival of Gilbert and Sullivan.

#### ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—New Amsterdam

The funniest Follies Mr. Ziegfeld has ever produced, say one and all. Not hard to do, with W. C. Fields and Will Rogers.

#### LOUIE THE 14TH—Cosmopolitan

The most elaborate and materially beautiful musical show in town, but there is, it must be admitted, not too much comedy.

#### THE GORILLA—Selwyn

A hilarious burlesque of the mysterious plays, but not too profound.

#### TELL ME MORE—Gaiety

The Gershwin score alone would set it off from other musical plays, but it has Lou Holtz and Andrew Toombes besides.

### MOVING PICTURES

#### GRASS—Criterion

This remarkable panorama of primitive migration in Persia is nearing its final week at this theatre. Well worth seeing.

### ART

#### WHITNEY CLUB—Anderson

A great exhibit of modern American painting, emphasizing the moderate wing of the new in art.

#### KNATHS and BOYD—Daniels

Two interesting Americans with a few pictures; also John Marin, Preston Dickinson and Kuniyoshi.

#### LEE HERSCH—Montross

Heavily pigmented pictures of a man who handles his medium well.

#### ROBERT BRACKMAN—Milch

Fresh painting by a well trained artist who is trying to keep one foot out of the Academy.

### OTHER EVENTS

#### MEMORIAL DAY PARADE—Riverside Drive

Saturday, May 30, 9 A.M. Parade of War Veterans to Soldiers and Sailors Monument.

#### BRITISH VETERANS RECEPTION—Hotel Pennsylvania

Saturday, May 30, 4 P.M. Reception and dance in honor of Fifth Royal Highlanders of Canada, the famous Black Watch of Montreal.

#### HORSE SHOW—Tuxedo Park

Friday, June 5. First of the early summer outdoor horse shows. Ends the following day.

### SPORTS

#### RACING

At Belmont Park: Friday, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, May 29, 30. June 1-5, inclusive.

#### GOLF

At Sleepy Hollow Country Club; second and third days of annual invitation tournament, Friday and Saturday, May 29, 30.

At Lakeville Country Club: Great Neck, L. I., exhibition match, Macdonald Smith and Walter Hagen vs. Gene Sarazen and Leo Diegel, Saturday, May 30.

At Worcester, Mass.: National Open Championship, Wednesday and Thursday, June 3, 4.

#### BASEBALL

At Polo Grounds: Philadelphia Nationals vs. New York, Friday and Saturday, May 29, 30.

At Yankee Stadium: Washington Americans vs. New York, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, June 1-4, inclusive.

#### BOXING

At Polo Grounds: Tom Gibbons vs. Gene Tunney, 15 rounds, and other bouts, Friday evening, June 5.



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# BOOKS



LONE prospectors in the mountains of Lreview copies need divining rods, guaranteed to wriggle over merit. If we had one, nothing as good as "Unveiled," by Beatrice Kean Seymour, would lie on our table for weeks under avalanches of works by E. Alexander Powell, etc., etc.

"Unveiled" is the story (not a "study!") of a marriage whose failure and its tragic consequences are due to psychological kinks in natures that ought to hold together well. This, however, is neither the wife's explanation nor the author's. The wife, Enid, says the sole bond was "the physical"—as though matters were ever as simple as that with a couple who both have minds! She is of the martyr and victim's-champion type; for instance, a fanatical pacifist. The husband, Ken, is better adjusted, and his chief contribution to their trouble is his moral conscientiousness. He is a realist about others but must himself do the conventionally honorable thing even when it is superfluous and dangerous.

Mrs. Seymour's interpretation of life lumps off not only their propensities but the more obvious, movie caption sentimentalism of a third character, the infantile Sophie Birch, to what she calls "the Romantic Tradition," which is "Unveiled's" title in England and means about what Gregers Werle means, in "The Wild Duck," by those "claims of the Ideal" on whose behalf he meddles.

Such lumping off seems indiscriminate; but "Unveiled" is not a hobby-ridden novel. Whatever Mrs. Seymour's philosophy, she draws her picture faithfully. Her women—Ken, the one man of whom anything is made, being less remarkable—are women you know, seen as you would see them or gossiped of as you would hear of them, and their natural affairs develop a logical, cumulative plot. Her technical adroitness is noteworthy. A specimen of it is the double use of the narrator, a spinster novelist, who as onlooker affords Mrs. Seymour just the right vantage point and, in spite of herself, becomes her own chronicle's most appealing figure. Another is the way Sophie Birch wanders in, with no apparent mission, and bobs up as the means to the catastrophe. A third is a little object lesson to valorous young authors in a better way of making an "intrigue" intriguing than opening the bedroom door.

It is true that when Sophie finally rose to accomplishing things with a revolver, we were as taken aback as anybody in the book, even though she had been shown in

a tantrum and there had been a lot of old-fashioned foreshadowing of what was to happen. And perhaps in general "Unveiled" (Seltzer) is rather clever and caustic than profound. At that, it is right up among the fine novels of this notable Spring—if it isn't, St. Peter needn't let us in.

A mole-brained she-Babbitt in "Unveiled" alludes to the "problem of male adolescence" and its relations to public school life. Even to-day, and after James Joyce's bold and successful treatment and Edwin Bjorkman's plucky but dreary one, that "problem" (Problem! Do they have it in France?) is a theme that only a master is wise to choose. Which is a way of saying we are not captivated with "Lifting Mist," by Austin Harrison. He begins with the school life business, written high-mindedly but unimpressively, and with some astonishing boy Havelock Ellises holding forth among the characters, and proceeds with no great artistic improvement to a Barrie-esque idyll, whereby his hero is righted.

A book you might like very well is James Stevens's "Paul Bunyan" (Knopf). But do not present indiscriminately to your fellow members of the Union League Club, a lot of whom would probably find it stuff and nonsense.

To enjoy it, you should have experience of backwoods campfire yarning. Paul Bunyan is a mythical hero of the Western lumbermen, who got him from the French Canadians and embellished him with droll exaggerations. He and his foreman and his timekeeper and his mighty blue ox, Babe, are of more than Brobdignagian dimensions. Stevens, when a lumberman, heard the stories in the cookhouses; he writes them out "straight," with marked skill, and the combination of such tall imaginings and his literary gravity is delightful. In spots it is suspiciously satirical; but then, the book's godfather is Mencken.

Of the tales of San Francisco's Chinatown we happen to have read, only Lemuel de Bra's persuade us that their author honestly knows the place and its Chinese. But his knowledge is more persuasive than his art—or in other words, his "Ways That Are Wary" (Clode), didn't give us an extra good time.





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"Tell Me a Book to Read"

Some of the Season's Novels We Think Best Worth While

- UNVEILED, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (*Seltzer*). Noticed in this issue.
- THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Scribner's*). Ugly-duckling emergence of a true romantic hero in North Shore Long Island high low life.
- DRUMS, by James Boyd (*Scribner's*). An agreeably different novel about the American Revolution.
- ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). Pilgrim's Progress of a scientific conscience through "success" sloughs.
- THE OLD FLAME, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). A choice series of He-and-She sketches, unfailingly amusing, except when touching.
- LUCIENNE, by Jules Romains (*Boni & Liveright*). Nice, diversely neurotic girls in love with the same young man. The best new novel distinctively psychological.
- SEGELFOSS TOWN, by Knut Hamsun (*Knopf*). A Vanity Fair of a Norwegian village, by the author of "Growth of the Soil."
- THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Page*). A singularly beautiful novel about unmoral musical people in a moral world.
- THE RECTOR OF WYCK, by May Sinclair (*Macmillan*). A study of the cost of altruism to a clergyman and his family.

SHORT STORIES

- BRING! BRING!, by Conrad Aiken (*Boni & Liveright*). Stories determinedly modern and sometimes precious, but generally brilliant.
- OVERHEARD, by Stacy Aumonier (*Doubleday, Page*). About four of these are worth while—one, excellent.
- TRIPLE FUGUE, by Osbert Sitwell (*Doran*). The short stories in it are character portraits, modern without a struggle and good enough to make up for some prolixity.

GENERAL

- JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton, Mifflin*). The best book on Keats, and possibly the best Miss Lowell wrote.
- BEGGARS OF LIFE, by Jim Tully (*A. & C. Boni*). Striking memory sketches of its author's hobo youth.
- THE PILGRIMAGE OF HENRY JAMES, by Van Wyck Brooks (*Dutton*). Brooks knows his Henry James and theorizes about him most reasonably.
- LIVES AND TIMES, by Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Four historical portraits, two of which include as artistic a representation of Old New York as we know.
- THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN, by Alexander Woollcott (*Putnam*). Exhibits the king of rag and jazz composers as a decidedly winsome little personage.



They Knew What They Wanted

Men who had not been seen in the Garden for many years went there last night to get a final glimpse of it, not that they cared so much for the fight. . . . The crowd was there to see the fight, mostly, and there were no ceremonies.

—From the *Times*.

Chief Finn of the Marlboro (Mass.) Police Force today qualified for cross country honors by chasing an escaped prisoner five miles.

—From the *World*

Sneering laughter from the Gerald Chapman's Pursuers' Association.

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## Economy's Home, Sweet Home

**I** HAVE just returned from a week-end in the White House with Calvin and Mrs. Coolidge and of course you want to know if Calvin is as economical in running his household as he is in running the government. Well, he is—or even more so. After two days with him, I thought I'd never go back to my old lavish ways. I mentally resolved to cut out smoking so many expensive cigarettes—think of it, fifteen cents for only twenty of them—but I guess my old habits were too much ingrained. Anyway, I'm smoking Pall Malls now instead of Camels.

The President's invitation—written on the back of a used laundry list—was not to be denied, of course, and I arrived in Washington early the following Saturday morning and took a cab up to the Coolidges' although I could just as well have walked. Calvin himself was standing out on the front porch when the cab drew up.

"We've let the footman go," he said in explanation. "He wanted a raise in pay."

Cal gave me a funny look when he saw me tip the driver a quarter.

"If you're going to give him all that anyway, he might as well carry your grip upstairs," he suggested.

Mrs. Coolidge herself had tidied up the spare room—the others were all let to roomers.

"I hope you'll be comfortable," she said as she greeted me with her heart warming smile. "The sheets are a little worn and we're short of towels, I'm afraid. I've wanted to pick up some in the sales—"

"Not this year," the President interjected. "Remember those curtains you bought for the East Room. That's enough extravagance for one year."

After assuring them that I would be most comfortable, I washed up—fortunately I had picked up a few bars of soap in the Waldorf-Astoria—and then rejoined the Coolidges down stairs.

"What do you think?" exulted Mrs. Coolidge. "We can go for a ride this morning. Mr. Rockefeller sent us a whole barrel of gasoline, and it came a few minutes ago. My! I've wanted to go driving, but with the price of gasoline where it is now—"

"Walking's better for you anyhow," declared Calvin, "except," and he frowned slightly, "it wears out shoe leather."

So, laughing gayly, we went out to the garage where Calvin cranked up the Ford after some little difficulty due to the fact that the engine hadn't been run for a long time. We had a very pleasant ride, indeed, and I enjoyed it immensely. Calvin was able to shut the engine off entirely on several hills and once we caught onto

a limousine that was passing us and it pulled us several miles.

We returned to the White House shortly after noon thoroughly ravenous for the appetizing wienerwurst left over from the night before.

"Save your appetite," cautioned Calvin. "We're going over to the Hoovers' for dinner to-night."

Calvin had to work all afternoon so Mrs. Coolidge and I walked around through the Capitol and other famous buildings. On our way home we went a little out of our way to go through a little city park where we were able to find a complete set of the evening papers and even a *New York Times*.

"Calvin will be so pleased," cried Mrs. Coolidge, happily. "We stopped having the papers delivered—the cost really runs up appallingly in a year. We usually can find a paper or two in the park or on the street car, but we don't often find a full set."

Back at the White House, we found Calvin waiting for us in the half-dark of twilight, so we pulled our chairs close to the windows where we could read our papers without burning up a lot of expensive electricity. When it was too dark to read any more, we all went to our rooms to dress for dinner at the Hoovers'.

"We'll walk to the Hoovers'," said Calvin, when I joined him at the foot of the stairs. "It's hardly more than a mile." So off we went.

We had a very enjoyable time with the Secretary of Commerce and his wife, and those from the White House particularly ate most heartily. Calvin even slipped a couple of biscuits into his pocket to take home.

I was glad that the Hoovers had their car ready to take us home; I was a little tired after so much walking. Even Calvin contemplated the soles of his shoes happily as we rode along.

In the morning we breakfasted on the two biscuits Calvin had saved from the Hoover dinner and some maple syrup which his father had sent down from Vermont. A box of sausage from an admirer arrived just as we were sitting down at the table, so this helped eke out the repast. Then we all went to church, of course. Coming home I noticed that a button was missing from Calvin's vest, but that may have had no significance.

I had to take an early train to New York so we hurried home from church and had a simple dinner of hamburger, bread, butter, water, and a pie which someone had sent. Then I packed my traveling bag and bade the Coolidges good-bye.

"Do come again sometime," urged the Coolidges hospitably.—*John C. Emery*



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### 100 Years Ago

*From the Daily Papers of 1825*

**W**E have been solicited by a gentleman of the Bar to request the public to suspend their opinion in relation to an attempt recently made to poison a family in this city. We are informed that the facts as heretofore given have not been sworn to by the parties injured, no examinations upon oath having as yet taken place upon the subject. Under these circumstances we think that the public mind ought not to be inflamed or prejudiced by statements of facts which may eventually prove to be erroneous. The ends of public justice, we are persuaded, will be better subserved by cautiously admitting any further observations or comments in the newspapers. The character of a highly respectable individual will be protected from the odium of anticipated guilt and the jurisprudence of our city preserved from bias and prepossession.

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TIME was when the dog was the popular animal of the cinema. Now, however, the horse seems to be supplanting the canine star. Witness how Tom Mix's Tony has just returned from calling upon the crowned heads of Europe.

Then, too, there is that other horse star, Rex, back in a new film of his own, "Black Cyclone." This is a story of a wild horse of the bad lands and his love for another horse, yclept Lady. It is remarkable how the movie powers can adjust animal emotions to the standard film formula. Thus "Black Cyclone" has a wicked horse villian, the Killer, just as the human problem plays have their Wallace Beerys.

Actually "Black Cyclone" isn't as bad as its plot sounds. There is a fine feeling of animal independence running through the story. It's a feeling that even reaches a mere city human these mellow Spring days. Moreover, the horses are excellent actors, with spontaneity and a real abandon.

The New York reviewers took a healthy swing at James Cruze's "Welcome Home," which in the talkies was Edna Ferber and George Kaufman's "Minick."

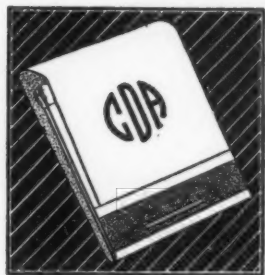
These reviewers resented certain things. Mr. Cruze even changed Minick's cognomen to Prouty. Yet we found a warm human touch running through "Welcome Home." Cruze is a keen observer and his films are usually head and shoulders over the products of other American directors.

Most of the Metropolitan celluloid critics protested at the slightness of the story of "Welcome Home." If there is a greater problem than that of young married folks trying to adjust themselves to the presence of age in their home, we want to know what it is. We liked Luke Cosgrove's old man Prouty, too. Maybe, the Spring is warming up our spirit of benevolence. Yes, we liked all of "Welcome Home" despite the New York reviewers.

Another new film, "My Wife and I," purports to be by Harriet Beecher Stowe. But we doubt it. We're so sure that Harriet never wrote anything like this that, if we're wrong, we promise to write ten slogans for Will Hays's Greater Movie Campaign. You see, "My Wife and I" revolves around the Long Island millionaire set. Maybe the good old Civil War days had this sort of thing, but we're honestly skeptical.

**Old Dog Learns New Trick**

In July, Bryan will reply in a witty article. —Ad for the *Forum*



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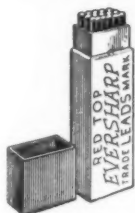
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